

The Dublin Review

APRIL, MAY, JUNE, 1922

BENEDICT XV : PONTIFF OF PEACE

I

ONCE again the Vatican has drawn all eyes to its incomparable rites of Papal obsequies and Papal election ; but on this occasion at the well-marked close of one era, the beginning of another. When Benedict XV was called to St. Peter's Chair, on September 3rd, 1914, the world as my generation knew it stood erect, a painted scene from which the foundation had been suddenly swept away. The new Pope entered on a dignity bereft of temporal power ; his palace became his prison ; and Europe, agonizing in the throes of war from the walls of Paris to the swamps of Masuria, scarcely did more than glance at the hitherto unnoticed figure of Giacomo della Chiesa, chosen in haste to succeed Pius X. Sympathetic observers told us that the saintly Venetian Pontiff died of a broken heart, owing to the catastrophe of mankind in arms which no pleadings of his with foolish Austria, bent on political suicide, had been able to prevent. It was true in a measure ; but Pius X died of his captivity, within the Vatican precincts, of the burdensome honours for which he was not made, of the tragedy called Modernism. The " burning fire " that symbolized his reign had proved to be a fire of the Last Day. Seven years were to follow dedicated to destruction—empires toppling down, dynasties disappearing in the crowd, twenty millions of combatants slaughtered, the huge population of Russia famine-stricken, the world's trade, finance, and labour violently shaken by a succession of crises, and something not unlike a wave of insanity passing from people to

Benedict XV :

people. Never since the Thirty Years' War had Europe gone through scenes of equal horror ; but ours were on a far grander scale. Such was the prospect in front of the new Pope, threatening civilized order, wrapt in gloom to any religious gaze. And what sort of man had the Cardinals elected in a situation without parallel ?

History will judge by comparison of documents which at present lie beyond our ken. We are yet uninformed of the motives whereby the Conclave was induced to turn from better known candidates ; although Roman journals had already fixed on the Archbishop of Bologna by way of compromise between opposing tendencies in the Sacred College, and opinion out of doors favoured Cardinal Maffi, Archbishop of Ghibelline Pisa, much admired for his mental gifts and successful administration. But if a return to the conciliatory spirit of Leo XIII was thought expedient, Della Chiesa, trained to diplomacy by Cardinal Rampolla, seemed the man to achieve it. Comparatively young—he was born at Genoa, November 21st, 1854—his pedigree had marked him out for distinction as illustrating Papal and Imperial story. The peculiar family name signifying “ of the Church Catholic ” had been given, so it was reported, by St. Ambrose of Milan to the house of Della Torre, in acknowledgment of their stand against Arian efforts in his day. More authentic were the memories attaching to his maternal descent from the Neapolitan stem of the Migliorati, long resident in Ovidian Sulmona. These gave a Pope, Innocent VII, to the genuine Roman succession during the Great Schism of the West. He had been consecrated Bishop of Bologna, transferred to Ravenna, chosen by the handful of Cardinals left after the decease of Boniface IX, and reigned only two years, from 1404 to 1406. He is described, though with some qualification, as a well-meaning, peaceable character, too gentle for the iron age wherein his lot was cast. The Roman people dealt with him by no means handsomely ; the Schism he knew not how to end. A far happier association with Bologna was that of the erudite Lambertini, who became Pope

Pontiff of Peace

Benedict XIV (1740-1758), and suggested the name which Cardinal della Chiesa took on his elevation to St. Peter's Chair. It augured a policy favourable to quietness, to culture, and to edification, in such measure as the troubled times would permit. In the Church, and towards the world outside, Benedict XV desired, like Innocent VII, but with a prayer for better issues, to be the Angel of Peace.

By temperament a scholar, of unpretending yet dignified appearance, with pensive classic features, a winning voice, and a most affectionate disposition, the successor of Pius X was deeply religious, unworldly, and absorbed in his duties through a long day. He wrote an eloquent Tuscan style, diffuse however, as Italian literature still, with rare exceptions, continues to be. From the University of Genoa he passed to the celebrated Capranica College and attended the Jesuit Roman College, in the Eternal City. His connection with the Curia began under Rampolla del Tindaro, the many-gifted Sicilian who, but for Austria's veto, would have been Leo XIV. When Rampolla went as Nuncio to Madrid, he took Della Chiesa for his secretary; and in 1887 they both returned to Rome, the Sicilian to enter the Sacred College, the Genoese to move upwards through various official stages, until in 1901 he was made second to the Cardinal Secretary himself. This position he occupied under Cardinal Merry del Val during four years of the succeeding reign, after which he was consecrated on the demise in 1907 of Cardinal Svampa to the always unquiet See of Bologna, where he "bought golden opinions" (to speak with Shakespeare) "from all sorts of people" by kindness, and enhanced his reputation as a thoughtful preacher. That he might have proceeded as Nuncio to Vienna seems likely enough; but the very fact of his relation by affinity with Austrian houses would probably deter so delicately scrupulous a conscience from accepting the offer. Why his promotion to the Cardinal's title of Quattro Coronati was delayed until May 25th, 1914, the general public has never learnt. Meanwhile, he served

Benedict XV :

on Roman Congregations, including that of the Index, and has been called "the right hand of Pius X in putting down Modernism." Less than one hundred days after he had been admitted to his title, the heavy charge of an unexampled Pontificate was placed upon him. For Secretary of State he chose Cardinal Ferrata, but in three weeks the Cardinal died ; and Gasparri, hitherto known as a Canonist of supreme ability, succeeded.

The new Pope's election took place, I have said, on September 3rd, 1914. That same day the French Government fled to Bordeaux ; the fall of Paris would not have surprised, though it might have dismayed, the Western Allies ; and a decisive German victory over France appeared imminent. With a diplomatic skill which compels admiration, Italy had escaped from the "Triple Bond," yet was keeping clear of the Entente. South of the Alps, indeed, German influence, which had everywhere been felt before hostilities broke out, was unimpaired. Economically, it ruled banks, markets, enterprise ; politically, it enabled the Kaiser to maintain his favourite attitude of the modern Charlemagne, the Church's protector—a pose which, if I may say so much, edified our devout Pius X, who understood less than some others did the bearing on world-policy of the Imperial histrionics. There was only one surviving Catholic Power of the first rank, viz., Habsburg Austria. When Leo XIII passed away, the Vatican had become isolated to a singular degree from the whole European system of politics. France had put an end to the Concordat, virtually disendowed the parish clergy, and taken away her Legation from Rome. England, still at heart Protestant, had long been without a Minister to the Holy See. Russia was proud of her Eastern orthodoxy ; and the real Prussia had ever shown itself, as it still continued, Lutheran to the core, which meant fiercely anti-papal. As for the United States, they did not yet contemplate the "entangling alliances," deprecated by Washington, but were on principle indifferent to religious denominations. The Roman Question still unresolved forbade common

Pontiff of Peace

action between the Quirinal and the Curia. Of these things the sum is this: that in 1914 not so much as a shadow was left to the Pope of the suzerainty granted or assumed over Christendom in matters temporal during the Middle Ages, in virtue of which he might have claimed to arbitrate on the issues of the war. Even from the Hague tribunal statesmen had excluded the supreme representative of Christian ethics, alleging that he was no longer a temporal sovereign. Moreover, had he proposed to sit in judgment as a Court of Appeal, how could the question be drawn up? What was the chief point in debate? Not Serbia, nor Alsace-Lorraine, nor even Belgium. The prize on which for more than half a century Prussian ambition had fixed its aim was the Pan-German idea realized, carrying with it world-wide supremacy. Nothing short of rule by sea, land, and air, would content the successor of Frederick the Great. And owing to all these hindrances Papal arbitration was neither demanded nor offered. But the Father of the Faithful could not be deprived of his spiritual prerogatives which, after all, did succeed in winning the happiest victory any Pope might desire. The Catholic Church has come out of the storm united, independent, and strong. Her position before mankind is probably more worthy of the Apostolic charter by which she lives, than it has been since the Reformation. Among wrecked or tottering institutions, Papal Rome exhibits by contrast a stability and a fertility of resource that make her, even in Protestant or secular eyes, the hope of to-morrow. Benedict's calm policy has already had its reward. Let us consider it a little.

His first official utterance of September 8th, 1914, came out day for day coincident with Germany's retreat on September 11th from the Marne—a determining event, which, at Berlin, was immediately construed as fatal to any triumph of the Kaiser's forces resembling the campaigns of 1866 and 1870. It implied, as we are now aware, infinitely more than a reverse; it gave Britain leisure to develop what Mr. Page, the American Ambassador, called

Benedict XV :

with piercing truth her "grim efficiency," thanks to which the Pan-German scheme underwent complete and final defeat. Its first consequences, however, were misleading; and on this I lay weight as regards especially public opinion outside the circle of the Entente. Although Pope Benedict enjoyed some acquaintance with English affairs ecclesiastical, he was not likely to comprehend those peculiarities of the English genius that perplex almost all foreigners. His own mind was of a decidedly Latin cast, his training scholastic and diplomatic; but the Briton lives by adventure, without a plan, and scorns logic. It happens, all the same, that he has built up an Empire in which the old Roman world might lie at ease; and that he has won the greatest war in history. But down to the last days of 1918, so far as I can make out, on the Continent a German victory, or, at least, a stalemate, was anticipated, not only by the Central Powers but by Southern Europe at large, and by many who came and went about the Roman Court. Their information was derived from Berlin or Vienna, not from our headquarters. The Fleet at Scapa Flow was invisible to them. The blockade which strangled Germany they were taught to call inhuman, but not the Zeppelin raids on open English towns. As for trench warfare, it seemed to be everlasting, and M. Bloch had prophesied that it would never bring with it a military decision. Suppose, then, a Teuton triumph, or at any rate no victory for the Western Powers—what did spiritual wisdom advise in the true interests of the Catholic Church? In this light, or to this effect, the problem of action presented itself to Pope Benedict, who as ruling over the faithful on all sides could not take part to the prejudice of any.

After ages will declare this war to have been a crime against civilization in the highest significance of that term—a greater crime even than the conflict between Athens and Sparta, which destroyed the power of Hellas in favour of barbarian Macedonia. Was it not, in truth, a Civil War among Europeans on both shores of the Atlantic? That it did not turn out to be likewise a

Pontiff of Peace

religious war, we may gratefully ascribe in no small degree to Pope Benedict, whose impartial humanity in dealing with all the afflicted whom he could help or relieve among the nations, taught us the lessons of the Gospel by speaking deeds. He could not dispose of public resources ; but in every direction he scattered abroad the funds which he was able to spend or control. He became the saviour of tens of thousands of children ; he stirred up Catholics in both hemispheres to prove their faith by their generosity ; and what means could he better take to quench the spirit of division ? Manifestly, the duty which lay nearest his heart as Pope was to keep the Church intact. A yet more formidable Schism than that which desolated Christendom during forty years might have split up the peoples who were fighting into so many national churches—German, French, Belgian, Austrian, Polish. Above sixty millions of Catholics dwelt in the Central Empires ; the flags of the Entente floated at last over an equal or greater number. None among the belligerents would confess that they were in the wrong, while from both sides arose accusations of outrage and violation by the enemy of the laws of war. Nevertheless, we must admit that judicial proceedings on the Holy Father's part were impossible ; nor would any Government have obeyed an unfavourable decision emanating from the Vatican. Consider the regulations enacted with such ceremony at the Hague tribunal, and how little they were observed by the German authorities who had signed them, or by the marauding Russian hordes in Galicia, subjects of that very Nicholas II who dreamt, poor unhappy Tsar, his dream of universal Peace. It is clear, then, that the Pope was, on the whole, unprovided with such evidence as would enable him to adjudicate ; that no appeal was made to him by the Great Powers, all equally jealous of their sovereign dignity ; and that under such circumstances to address rebuke to any nation would have provoked boundless ill-feeling without confession or repentance. I do not see how these conclusions are to be set aside.

Benedict XV :

He appealed himself, it has been urged, "to Francis Joseph, to the Kaiser, to the Tsar, to President Wilson, but always with the same absence of the condemnation of outrages." Now I am far from believing that in a large number of cases we, though merely private persons, were destitute of convincing evidence that such violation of the laws of warfare, to say nothing of humanity, had been committed. But the Holy Father was not a private person; he must either act as a judge with proofs in detail or simply recall the consciences of men to acknowledged ethical and Christian principles. This the Pope did emphatically, again and again. There is one case, however, which stands in a special category by itself; I need hardly say that I mean Belgium. We will turn to consider it in due course.

If, as I cannot help thinking, the prospect I have drawn from the Vatican windows did thus appear to Benedict XV, we may interpret his language and proposals for a general pacification more according to their true intent than the Western Governments or their people were inclined to do. He expected, I repeat, a German triumph or a stalemate; but he wanted neither. His chief aim was reconciliation all round, with inevitable adjustments, but not the shattering of the old and hitherto solid-seeming European edifice. In a large sense it was the natural dream of diplomacy, the *status quo ante bellum*. The thing could not be done. After August 4th, 1914, we had to say, a thousand times more strongly than Carlyle after 1848, "There must be a new world, if there is to be any world at all. That human things in our Europe can ever return to the old sorry routine, and proceed with any steadiness or continuance there; this small hope is not now a tenable one. These days of universal death must be days of universal new-birth, if the ruin is not to be total and final." Towards that new-birth Pope Benedict offered suggestions of notable value; meanwhile, he was not for pulling down any institution which seemed to stand. His first Encyclical may be summed up in the Easter greeting, "*Pax*

Pontiff of Peace

vobiscum ” ; it was an ardent exhortation to stop the war. At Christmas, 1914, he endeavoured to arrange a truce, but in vain. May, 1915, saw Italy taking the field against Austria. The Pope's own family were divided, and his position in Rome between the hostile Powers grew increasingly difficult. All that he could do with advantage was to provide spiritual help for the Italian soldiers and to multiply his charities, while earnestly entreating the Central Powers that they should refrain from attacking the sacred shrines and historic monuments of a land which, on grounds of mere gratitude, ought to have been inviolable. It is said that he might have done more ; but the ruin wrought in Venice and Padua, not to speak of other cities assaulted from the air, proved by its fury how little the Teuton headquarters revered antiquity or religion. Austria, Catholic and Apostolic, in her headlong fall, seems to have lost not only freedom but the sense of shame which would have spared St. Mark and St. Anthony violent outrages like these, the last acts of a stricken Empire. That Pope Benedict, who was a devoted son of Italy, should have been a friend to peace within her borders, we can well understand ; nor does the desire call for an apology. On September 6th, 1915, he turned to the German bishops, who might have served his purpose had they chosen more effectually than all the rest of the Catholic Episcopate, and he besought them to hasten “ a peace that should be dictated by justice and honourable to the nations,” but they would not. All along, anticipating President Wilson's formula which amounted for either side to “ no victory and no conquest,” the Papal idea dwelt on condonation without reprisals.

At length, on August 1st, 1917, he laid before the world's rulers a series of more definite propositions : “ Lay down your arms,” he called out to them, “ each and all in the same hour ; do away with conscription ; submit your quarrels to arbitration ; let there be unchecked intercourse, with freedom of the seas between the peoples. Forgive war-debts,” he went on to advise, “ let the invaders withdraw from France and Belgium.

Benedict XV :

while her colonies are given back to Germany. Of course, Belgian independence, with adequate compensation, must be restored." I summarize the contents of a manifesto which, at the time, pleased neither party ; that it was "coloured with an Austro-Hungarian tinge" appeared undeniable ; and it was the signal for a violent outburst of anger among the Western Allies. Taken as a whole, the document gave expression to views widely held by advocates of an immediate Armistice leading up to Conference and a general Peace. Its agreement with President Wilson's earlier suggestions, and its anticipation of his later "Fourteen Points," though with much less definite outlines, should warrant me now to enlarge upon a parallel sufficiently obvious between these two chief representatives of moral force instead of force of arms, who stood aloof and outside of the doomed European system whether despotic-imperial or anarchic-revolutionary. This old Europe, like unchanging Lacedæmon and fickle Athens, was bankrupt, nor had any promise of the future. America was the New World ; and Rome guarded the Ancient Faith. Dynasties had fallen from the Yellow Sea to the Atlantic ; but the President reiterated terms of reconciliation without censure for the combatants until a direct German attack upon what had ever been maintained in Washington as freedom of the seas brought its revenge, by the declaration of war on Good Friday, 1917. But, although at war, the President looked far beyond it to a "self-determination" of future Free States in every Continent. Untrammelled by historic ties, to him Sultan, Tsar, Austrian or German Kaiser, spelt merely abstract terms. I have called him somewhere a Martian descending on Europe from another planet. He came, glittered, and vanished ; but the Martian power rules. We have to choose—I mean the British Empire, which stands supreme in the Western Hemisphere—a line of conduct calculated on the disappearance of old Europe. Observe another very significant though as yet hardly recognized fact. When the Empires fell, their Established Churches went down with them.

Pontiff of Peace

Where is the Orthodox Russian, the Prussian Evangelical ? Where, even, the strength of Islam after Abdul Hamid was dethroned by the young Progressives who had no religion but their greed ? Moslem, Byzantine, Moscovite, Protestant, no longer as such exercise imperial sway. Should anyone retort, " But neither does the Catholic," this completes my argument. The idea crystallized in " Church and State " has undergone a revolution no less complete than autocracy itself. We are entering on a novel constitution of society which allows of elected Presidents, while it cannot take from St. Peter's successor the prerogatives he does not owe to an earthly delegation. Democracy has triumphed, but the Papacy is the self-same and its years will not fail.

Contrasting the American with the Roman document, a well-known French Catholic is said to have exclaimed, " The President has sent out an Encyclical and the Pope a Protocol." In other terms, the Holy Father kept an eye upon Europe as " made and moulded of things past," while American vision, to which the past lay hid, was Promethean, forecasting a Europe still to be made. History and diplomacy are twin sisters. We can imagine a Pope who felt himself called, like St. Gregory the Great or the immortal Hildebrand, to inaugurate a new era ; such was not Benedict XV ; he came at the consummation of an age. His old-world Italian culture, his Capranican discipline and family tradition, would never have led this gentle ecclesiastic to take up the calling of a Savonarola, nor even that of a Gioberti. We might describe him as a quiet Conservative flung into the tempest of change against his will ; he could take no delight in it. Nevertheless, conciliation with change was to some degree necessary ; and the Pontiff went a little farther along the path of acceptance opened by Leo XIII. He suffered Italian Catholics to form the Popular Party, which holds, and may long hold, the balance in Parliament. His moderation as regards the actual situation in Rome led many to hope that a cessation of the long-standing deadlock between the Italian Government and the Papacy

Benedict XV :

was near at hand. Towards the rising Slav peoples of Bohemia, Serbia, Bulgaria, his attitude, however considerate of Austrian claims founded on centuries of association, was benevolent, though, where adherents of old Hussite pretensions raised their heads, unmistakably firm. As the Russian Church fell before Bolshevik atheism, the Holy See took a fresh and promising departure in regard to Eastern Christians, with unstinted charity for the famished millions of children ; and such a divinely inspired campaign of love must bear fruit. Nothing could exceed the eager solicitude with which Benedict poured out his heart on these helpless victims of the Nemesis of Tsardom. And this brings me to the Belgian tragedy, not so wide in extent, but in depth and height equal, while it lasted, to any of which history keeps the record.

Many of us thought, and still are of opinion, that if the Holy Father had sent forth an Encyclical, or a Brief addressed to the heroic Cardinal Mercier, dealing as Pope with what the German Chancellor admitted to be a crime in the moment of its perpetration, the act would have been not only justifiable but a magnificent tribute to the Moral Law so detestably outraged. Lack of evidence there was none ; the legal dictum, "*Habemus confitentem reum*," had been fulfilled to the letter. And the dreadful deeds following, lit up by the flames of burning cities, proclaimed that the invader, as I said at the time in this REVIEW, had sentenced Belgium to death by fire. I am not going to repeat the language, of which, however, I withdraw not one syllable, used by me on occasion of the German capture and destruction of Louvain. For I am sure that the Holy Father felt no less profoundly than we did how atrociously the Germans had behaved from the moment they violated the neutral frontier which they had pledged themselves to respect. That as "interpreter and defender of the eternal law" he "condemned openly every injustice by whatever side committed," was the Pope's own pronouncement in the Consistory of 1915. That the violation of Belgian territory came under this

Pontiff of Peace

judgment, being "directly included in it," was officially stated by Cardinal Gasparri. That in all ways, short of the supreme act which some of us desired, Pope Benedict, by his protection of Cardinal Mercier from arrest in Malines, and his reception of the great prelate in Rome; by his protest against the carrying into slavery of Belgian workpeople across the Rhine; and by his reiterated demand that the Germans should quit the country while making full recompense for the harm they had done, showed his love of justice. We know, and these things will be a witness to after ages in his favour. When he counselled the return of her colonies to Germany, it was in the hope of saving Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, and the remaining Belgian towns from the destruction which we too feared would fall upon them whenever the enemy should be compelled to retreat. Thank God, no such calamity happened. The Pope's intentions towards Belgium were kindness itself; and if he refrained from a declaration the like of which, it cannot be denied, was expected at his hands by public opinion, Catholic and other, in many countries, we know that his decision rested on motives of humanity, lest the afflicted nation should be made to suffer still more. Belgium did not misunderstand him, and will bear to his memory no grudge. The Kaiser's apology, with its false charges against the people he had trampled down, was the Kaiser's condemnation, given under his hand and seal.

Conservative by nature and office the Popes must ever be. "*Nihil innovetur nisi quod traditum est*," wrote St. Stephen to St. Cyprian; whatever seems to be new is the old Faith applying its measures to a world in motion. Benedict XV consecrated the Catholic heroism of France and Ireland when he raised Joan of Arc's banner in St. Peter's and declared Oliver Plunket a martyr. He did not canonize Dante; but his fervent eloquence animates the Encyclical of praise and proud recognition with which in 1921 he greeted the poet's centenary. "Alighieri," said the Roman Pontiff, speaking for the Church, "is our very own." To him also the glory came of rehearsing, as

Benedict XV :

though with Dante already in Paradise, how Francis and Dominic proved the unfailing originality which springs from a divine tradition laid to heart, by their philosophy of love and wisdom. As a fresh epoch of humanity began six hundred years ago, so now we stand on the threshold, looking out towards hitherto withheld horizons ; and memory calls back that earlier Renaissance. Pius X felt in his own way the reformer's mood. He gave us a Breviary drawn up in somewhat more primitive style ; he summoned Cardinal Gasparri to take in hand the task, apparently a work for generations, of codifying the Canon Law. Few of us dreamt that we should live to see it accomplished ; but there the volume stands, a marvel of skill and judgment. It bears on the title page Benedict's name, while due credit is given to Pius X, in whose days the achievement nearly reached its term. Another enterprise dear to the Venetian Pope was no less formidable, the revision of St. Jerome's Latin Vulgate on critical grounds. Here the Order of St. Benedict resumed its ancient zeal in transcribing Holy Scripture ; England took its place with Cardinal Gasquet on the Commission ; and the great quest moves rapidly forward. Benedict was the founder of St. Jerome's Society for the propagation of the Gospel in Italian among the people ; he encouraged by special message our Catholic Truth Society which has long been doing a similar work in this country ; on September 15th, 1921, he dedicated an Encyclical, which was in effect a treatise, to the " Doctor Maximus " of Bethlehem, whose Bible remains unique in text and classic rendering, no more likely to be surpassed by a new version than the *Summa* of St. Thomas by any modern system of philosophy.

My theme is far from being expended, but I pause to remark on the amazing vigour with which our longed-for Catholic Restoration is advancing on every line. The war, while it laid in ruin perhaps three thousand of our churches, in Belgium, France, Venetia, Poland, revealed to the English-speaking soldier on all fronts what a religion of supernatural grace and comfort was that of

Pontiff of Peace

the Roman Communion. Politicians had their own motives for making terms with Pope Benedict, who handled the situation superbly well; and before he passed away twenty-five diplomatic representatives, including the British and the French, were accredited to the Vatican. His acts could never be reproached as if dictated by secular aims. Whether in founding an Oriental Institute and Congregation for Eastern affairs, or defending Catholic interests in Palestine, menaced by certain elements of Zionism, the Pope kept in view past history, future reunion. When Poland, after three wastings by friend and foe, began her fresh chapter as a European Power, he gave Warsaw and Posen their dignity in the Sacred College. Towards the suffering people and unhappy prisoners who languished within the late Turkish Empire, so kindly did he behave that Pope Benedict's statue was set up by them as a token of gratitude in Constantinople—an honour without precedent. Here again some difference of opinion with regard to this far-reaching Eastern Question must be candidly acknowledged among ourselves. My own convictions are still those to which Newman gave enduring form and beauty when the Allies invaded the Crimea.* But who will not grant the pressure of immediate, as distinct from final, dispositions in problems of such baffling intricacy? We feel it now when the British Government has to deal with Islam throughout the whole East, with Greeks, Jews, Arabs, Turks, Armenians, in Asia Minor and the Holy Land. As in regard to the House of Habsburg, so with a friendly Sublime Porte at Stamboul, it was not for the Holy Father to cry aloud, "Raze it, raze it, even to the foundations thereof." These two Empires, curiously alike in their "ramshackle" structure and miscellany of races, fell in the same day, thanks to German designs which could have brought them no profit. While they lasted, the Holy See was bound to take them into consideration. Now we can quote a significant scripture, "Let the dead bury

* See my pamphlet, *Cardinal Newman, the Turks, and the Council of Ten*, republished from the *Nineteenth Century and After* by the Anglo-Hellenic League.

Benedict XV :

their dead." A new Central Europe is forming ; the Eastern Churches are coming to better knowledge of the West. For changes on a scale corresponding in ecclesiastical history to the changes consequent in world-politics to the world-war, Rome is adjusting her methods without giving up one jot or tittle of her principles.

When peace came, and the Pope still pursued his plan of charity towards all, with reconciliation instead of revenge, it was observed how Rome and Washington agreed upon a course which neither at Vienna in 1815, nor at Berlin in 1878, nor even at Versailles in 1919, had been thought possible. I may venture to name it the Plenary Indulgence of Man. Reparation, yes ; but no retaliation. Moreover, the Great Powers consented to do away with forced military service, to limit fleets and armies, to substitute open compacts for secret alliances, to encourage freedom of exchange. Great Britain and America reduced their navies. The League of Nations did excellent service and gathered strength. A calmness prevailed in the Roman atmosphere which made its impression felt by pilgrims who now flocked thither. And Kings were soon to arrive who would be guests not only of Italy but of St. Peter, when Benedict XV fell ill and died. A sudden great wave of sympathy surged up over the whole civilized world for this much misunderstood, often maligned, but always quietly heroic Pontiff, whose thoughts were thoughts of peace, his days continual service, and his efforts constantly defeated by the powers of darkness in high places. Benedict XV was too good for the men who had driven subjects into war. His last words were such as these, "I give my life willingly for the peace of the world." No wonder that Italy lowered its flags to half-mast when his death was announced ; that the Reichstag did public homage to his memory ; that its President, the Socialist Herr Loebe, said of him, "He used all the moral power of his office to alleviate human suffering, to banish hatred, and to reconcile the nations." King George's tribute was heightened by Lord Curzon's judgment of "the late Pope, who during

Pontiff of Peace

his too short tenure of that exalted office, showed himself so consistent a friend of peace, and so firm an advocate of the moral brotherhood of mankind."

On such a note our imagination may soar happily into the divine ether. It is at once reminiscence and prophecy. Within sixteen days after Benedict passed away, the Conclave chose a man to succeed him, of whom we know that he was already marked out for the highest dignities by character, learning, experience, and the admiration of statesmen no less than of scholars, the newly-created Cardinal Achille Ratti, Archbishop of Milan. The choice provoked an outburst of acclamation ; "with loud applause and Aves vehement," such as did not greet even the accession of Leo XIII, in its day so warmly welcomed. Pius XI seemed to be the Pope for whom the new era was waiting. He had unrivalled knowledge of languages, and had lived in libraries ; but that was not all. He had not only climbed the Alps as a bold mountaineer but crossed them and made acquaintance with modern capitals from London to Warsaw. He had visited Oxford and Manchester, designing also to see the United States. He knew what was meant by science, by literature, by social theories, on the lips of modern leaders. He had shown splendid courage in Warsaw ; and many a one quoted the words attributed to St. Malachy of Armagh concerning this pontificate, "*Fides intrepida*," that is to say, "Faith without fear." He was a lover of the poor and the outcast, an exemplary priest, detached from political groups, and by long residence no stranger to Rome or the Vatican, in the library of which he had been master during years. Thus he has entered into a rich inheritance ; but never should we forget how it was brought to this high perfection by the wisdom of Leo, the zeal of more than one Pius, the patience and charity of Benedict. Summing up, we may perhaps conclude that the Tridentine epoch which began in 1545 is now at length rounded into a period ; that the Vatican era dating from 1870 has come to its creative stage ; and that Pius XI, if spared to us long enough, will see the

Benedict XV :

Church fulfilling her charge of teaching all nations in a degree beyond any former time.

With Prudentius, the Christian poet, we may declare our faith in a better time, thanks to St. Peter's dynasty, more glorious than the Cæsars' :

“ Miscebat Bellona furens mortalia cuncta,
Armabatque feras in vulnere mutua dextras ;
Hanc frenaturus rabiem, Deus undique gentes
Inclinare caput docuit sub legibus isdem,
Romanosque omnes fieri.”

Which I pray God grant.

WILLIAM BARRY.

II

THERE exists a practically complete Guide to the Pontificate of Benedict XV, issued less than four months after his elevation to the Chair of Peter, written by himself, the Encyclical *Ad Beatissimi* of November 1st, 1914. Written before the events of the subsequent seven years of his Pontificate, it cannot be a history ; it is, nevertheless, a guide ; and those who, looking back now on those events, seek light by which to form judgment, find it wonderfully illustrative. In 1914 real students here of times past, long past and immediately past, recognized in it a really great pronouncement, a programme founded on one supreme conception, a “ rock ” conception : and just as the Rock of Peter can support the whole edifice of the Church of Christ, so on that base conception could rest every phase and aspect of that Church's inner and outer life in the Pontificate to come. Nor have such students been disappointed ; rather, looking back now on the story of the seven years, they see how coherent all Benedict's pronouncements, all his actions, were with the Encyclical message of his first days : “ Love one another ; Peace.”

A message which can be summed up in those few expressive words is eminently the message of a Pope. When

Pontiff of Peace

read in all its aspects, it is seen to be that of one whose life had brought him in touch with world conditions of which the war was only one, though for the moment the one overshadowing indeed all else. But it was hardly the message one would have expected from a "diplomatic" Pope, the light in which Cardinal Della Chiesa, Benedict XV, was generally regarded. True, that view of him was justified by the story of his life one read; but one is apt to err in one's judgment of him and other ecclesiastical diplomats if one forgets their other life as God's priests. When the "diplomat" Cardinal Rampolla died we remembered the austere sanctity of the priest, sometimes in his private Mass immovable for half an hour in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. It is enough to hear a Mass said by his successor "diplomat" at the Secretariate of State, Cardinal Merry del Val; it is enough, indeed, to hear the *Pater Noster*, to feel the holiness of the inner priestly life there too. The surface-story does not tell these things. It told us that Don Giacomo Della Chiesa, Monsignor, Cardinal, Pope, was a "diplomat," and as far as it went it told the truth.

And that impression was heightened by the apparent contrast between Benedict XV and his predecessor. Pius X's Pontificate had been one of reform, of restoration within the Church itself: extirpation of Modernism, Codification of Canon Law, Reform of the Curia, Reform of Seminaries, restoration of the old spirit regarding Holy Communion, of the true spirit of the sacerdotal life. Benedict XV found himself faced, not with the inner Church alone, but with the whole world in turmoil. Pius X was sixty-eight when raised to the Chair of Peter and seemed, already tired, to be borne down by the weight of the burden laid on him; he was of humble birth, of massive build, strong-looking, slow-appearing. Benedict XV came of noble family, was under sixty when elected, small, frail-looking, but really of remarkable strength of fibre and vitality, keen, sensitive, quick in movement and intelligence. Pius X represented to most people the parish priest raised by Divine Providence to be Chief

Benedict XV :

Pastor of the Church ; Benedict XV's pastoral fervour and activity were hidden under the outside evidence of a " Curia " career. Pius X seemed to have sunk to his grave borne under by the weight of shock of the world catastrophe ; Benedict XV seemed to brace himself to meet it, fortified by the keen realization of his, the Church's, right and duty to be the whole world's authoritative guide back to the ways of peace and right-living under the ordinances of the Prince of Peace.

To note a few salient points in the life of Giacomo Della Chiesa, Benedict XV : he was a Genoese, and the pride of the Genoese, in their religion, in themselves and in both together, can be seen in history and to-day. He was of noble family on both sides, with a good Church record in the paternal and the maternal line. But the ecclesiastical tradition does not seem to have been prevalent in the family when the Pope to be was born. His elder brother went into the Italian navy, rising to the rank of Admiral ; he himself was destined for the Law. Dutifully falling in with his parents' wishes, he passed through the University course after his first studies at the Seminary, and took his degree as Doctor of Law. But the records of his early boyhood and student days show how the sense of vocation to the priesthood was always intimate in him, and his earnest determination prevailed over the reluctance of his parents ; in 1875 his ecclesiastical life began. He came to Rome which, to all intents and purposes, he never left ; he rests in the very centre of it to-day.

His career followed the regular lines of that of a young cleric of noble family : the Collegio Capranica, oldest ecclesiastic training house in Rome, the College of Noble Ecclesiastics, the name of which speaks for itself, training house for life in Curia, particularly in diplomacy. Ordained in 1878—he said his first Mass in St. Peter's at the altar of the Chair—he early attracted the attention of Leo XIII, who made him Private Chamberlain in 1883, and of Mgr. Rampolla whom he accompanied to Spain as Secretary of Nunciature in the same year. When Cardinal Rampolla became Secretary of State in 1887, Mgr.

Pontiff of Peace

Della Chiesa continued service under him, first as Attaché, then, in 1901, as *Sostituto*, that is, Under-Secretary of State. He had been raised to the dignity of Domestic Prelate in 1900. Under Pius X and Cardinal Merry del Val he remained at the Secretariate of State till 1907, when he was appointed Archbishop of Bologna and consecrated by the Holy Father himself in the Sistine Chapel. The Cardinalitial dignity came seven years later, May 25th, 1914, and 101 days later, September 3rd, Cardinal Della Chiesa became Pope Benedict XV. Colouring to such simple bare record is given by the circumstances of the times and of environment. The main colouring of Della Chiesa came from Leo and Rampolla; it was shaded by three years in Rome under Pius and seven years in Bologna. Deepened by the weight of the Tiara in circumstances of world upheaval, that was still the colouring of Benedict.

Sidelights have to be added to throw up the bare record of the sixty-seven years. Seemingly so delicate at birth that he was baptized immediately in fear that he might not live, he was hardly ever ill. One of the many stories of his last days gives him as saying with a smile, "Do you know that two francs and a half covers all my expenditure on medicine hitherto?" Frail he looked, certainly, but he was of wonderful strength of—expressive Italian phrase—"fibre." One remembers the passing attack of muscular rheumatism in the right arm due to the fatigues of the Canonization and Beatification ceremonies of May and June, 1920, but one seems to remember nothing else. Of his characteristics—the wonderfully quick intelligence stands out, aided by an equally wonderful memory. In the first days of his Pontificate, heads of Orders and Institutions going to pay homage found that Benedict XV seemed to know as much about their Orders and Institutions as they knew themselves. Nuncios, Apostolic Delegates, Bishops, Apostolic Vicars and Prefects from distant lands, were amazed at the Pope's intimate knowledge of their work in being or to come. Diplomats accredited to the Holy See, at his judgment of affairs in

Benedict XV :

their countries and—a most noticeable characteristic—his immediate appreciation of a point of view, his quick understanding of all his visitor was going to say before he had finished his first sentence.

Then, his kindness. How many instances can be given of simple humble children being admitted to tell their Father of their troubles, their doubts as to the right course to pursue, and of his affectionate interest and care, learning all their little story, giving wise and kindly guidance and advice. And, during the war, the number of petitions on behalf of prisoners or other sufferers addressed, many of them, from the humblest sources simply to "His Holiness the Pope, Rome," which he himself read and replied to. Lastly—his tenacity in well-doing. "*Clama ne cesses*," he quoted to the Sacred College and to a recalcitrant world on Christmas Eve, 1914: "Our Christian initiative was not, however, crowned with happy success. Still We are not discouraged by this, and We intend to put forth every effort to hasten the end of the unparalleled scourge or, at least, to alleviate its miserable consequences. It seems to Us that the Divine Spirit says to Us, as once to the Prophet, '*Clama ne cesses*.'" The same tenacity with which he cried "Peace," and held to his conception of the just and lasting peace throughout the war and after it, characterized also other phases of his Pontificate. To suggest one instance only—the thoroughness of purpose seen in all his policy and actions regarding the Eastern Churches, the foundation of the Sacred Congregation and the Oriental Institute the main outward sign. Was it not this same tenacity of purpose, firm throughout his boyhood, that triumphed in the end, with perfect filial obedience withal, over the desire of his parents that Giacomo Della Chiesa should be a lawyer—and not Benedict XV? Quickness at seeing another's argument led sometimes to his being misunderstood. Because you see at once the result of a line of reasoning, it does not follow that you agree with the conclusion. And at times this same quickness led to prompt decisions which surprised those who had previously spoken, and they thought

Pontiff of Peace

convinced him, on the other side. He would always listen, but sometimes the two characteristics of quickness and tenacity seemed to contradict one another. Sometimes the intuition and kindness of the man overcame the reasoning of the trained lawyer and ecclesiastic.

Such, as seen from the outside, was the Pope who urged on his priests and people and on all the world: "Peace; Love one another." From the outside; for there was much in Benedict XV that was not generally known, the fruition of that determination to achieve his vocation even if he had to wait a while. Running side by side with work in the Secretariate of State was a life of pastoral work and religious concentration and activity. There is a tablet on the house where Mgr. Della Chiesa lived, adjoining the parish church of Sant' Eustachio, another on the confessional there he attended regularly; there is the memory among older priests and parishioners of ungrudging self-sacrifice among those spiritually and materially in need. And as the Prelate rose in dignity, so the religious side of his work rose in importance, with the care of many a Confraternity and Religious Association.

The Pious Society of St. Jerome for the Diffusion of the Gospels was a work in which Mgr. Della Chiesa had always been interested, and Pope Benedict XV's letter of October 8th, 1914, only a month after his accession, shows how that interest continued: "One of Our ideals, that the Sacred Writings may enter into the bosom of Christian families," endorsed his Predecessor's exhortation to "daily reading of the Gospels and the increase of publication which will help to confute the calumny that the Church does not approve of but hinders the reading of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue." Mgr. Della Chiesa had been head of the Italian Society of Pilgrimages to Lourdes and Palestine, and a Letter of Pope Benedict XV expresses his regret that he will no longer be able to lead the pilgrims personally to Lourdes as he had done more than once. A zealous member of the Archconfraternity of Nocturnal Adoration, President in 1905, he gave signal proof and encouragement of devotion to Our Lord in the

Benedict XV :

Blessed Sacrament, on the Feast of St. Peter, 1918. On the Eve of the Feast the reigning Pontiff always pays a short visit to St. Peter's to pray at the tomb of the Apostles, and bless the Palliums kept in the Confessio. It was more than the usual short visit, however, that year. At ten that night the Blessed Sacrament was exposed on the altar in the great transept on the right of the basilica, His Holiness joined with eight hundred members of the Archconfraternity in two hours' adoration, and at midnight said Mass for the intention of peace, distributing Holy Communion to all the laity present. Mgr. Della Chiesa was a Franciscan Tertiary and "We are glad to go back," Pope Benedict XV said to sixteen hundred Franciscan Tertiaries assembled in audience in December, 1915, "to that cold autumn afternoon on which, alone and unknown to all, We presented Ourselves at the sanctuary of Aracoeli to ask enrolment in the Third Order."

He had been crowned in the Sistine Chapel. A great public festival, such as we have just been privileged to see, was out of the question in those days of war. But Benedict XV did not forget his "children of Rome," and he came down among them, simply and without state, and spoke to them as their Pastor, glorying in their faith kept and shown since Apostolic times—faith that "you will not be satisfied with 'possessing' but will wish to 'live' also." The record of each year is, of course, far too full for reproduction here, but the full story of the life of Pope Benedict XV will show what emerges clearly from even the most cursory retrospection, how every word and action, both the purely religious and those in which outside considerations of politics and the war had their place, was based on that rock conception expressed in the first words of the "*Ad Beatissimi*": "When, by the unsearchable counsel of God's providence and without any merit of Our own, We were called to the Chair of the most blessed Prince of the Apostles—for the same voice which came to Peter came also to Us: 'Feed my lambs, feed my sheep' . . ."

And Pope Benedict's response was the prayer, "Holy

Pontiff of Peace

Father, keep them in Thy name whom Thou hast given me." But he looked round, and his heart was pierced by the spectacle, perhaps the darkest and saddest in all human history. It seemed as if the days foretold by Christ had indeed come: "You shall hear of wars and rumours of wars, for nation shall rise against nation and kingdom against kingdom." Who could realize that the nations thus armed against each other are children of the same Father in heaven? The duty of Christ's Vicar was clear:

As the first act of Our Apostolic ministry We take up and repeat the last words that fell from Our Predecessor of illustrious and so holy memory, and therefore We earnestly beseech Princes and Rulers that, moved by the sight of so many tears, so much blood, already shed, they delay not to bring back to their peoples the life-giving blessings of peace. When the Divine Redeemer first appeared upon earth the glad tidings was sung by Angels' voices, so now may God in His mercy grant that, at the beginning of Our labour as Christ's Vicar, the same voice be heard proclaiming: "Peace on earth to men of good will." We beg of those who hold in their hands the destinies of peoples to give heed to that voice. If their rights have been violated, they can certainly find other ways and other means of obtaining a remedy; to these, laying aside the weapons of war, let them have recourse in sincerity of conscience and good will. With no view to Our own self-interest do We speak thus, but in charity towards them and towards all nations. Let them not suffer Our voice of father and friend to pass away unheeded.

But the war (the Pope proceeds) is only one of the results of the evils of modern society, which may be summarized as "the disregard of the rules and dictates of Christian wisdom in the ordering of public life"; and the four main causes of the evil are the lack of mutual love among men, the disregard for authority, unjust quarrels between the various classes, and the absorbing of all human endeavour in material prosperity as though there were nothing higher or better to be gained. "Love one another," then, is the Pope's first and most urgent plea. "How necessary it is that no effort should be spared to bring back among men the power of the charity of Christ. This

Benedict XV :

shall be Our constant endeavour, the chosen task of Our Pontificate . . . the injunction of the Apostle John, that we love one another." But the disregard of the peoples for authority comes from the rulers' disregard for the authority of God, the banishment from public life of religion, of God's message: "What wonder, then, that when the double element of cohesion in the body social, the union of the members among themselves by mutual charity and the union of the members with the head by obedience to authority, is thus destroyed or weakened, modern society should show itself as divided into two opposing forces struggling against each other fiercely and without truce?" Pope Benedict recalls and exhorts the bishops to continue teaching the great social lessons of Leo XIII, but above all "let us make it our care, using every argument supplied by the Gospel, by reason and by public or private good, to stimulate all men to mutual brotherly love in accordance with the Divine law of charity."

It is that which will counter the "root of all evils, the desire of money," so great a cause of strife of classes and of the hatred of public authority spreading among the less fortunate. For man's true beatitudes are in the world to come, not here. Catholics must set the example; they first of all must show themselves united in this mutual love. One of the "admirable fruits" of the last Pontificate had been the extirpation of that "synthesis of all heresies," Modernism, to which must be added the rejection of what may be called the Modernistic spirit. But heartburnings remained, leading to mutual recrimination. This must not be. No Catholic can usurp, but all must obey, the one authority to whom it is given to judge, to correct if necessary; peoples must listen and obey in the union of mutual charity and love. And the union with, and obedience to, the Head comes through union with and obedience to the bishops—lessons taught by St. Ignatius Martyr and arising out of the "charity which does not suffer me to be silent in your regard." Finally, the protest against "the abnormal state in which

Pontiff of Peace

the Head of the Church is placed—a state which in many ways is an impediment to the common tranquillity”—a protest of his Predecessors solemnly renewed, “not from self-interest, but from a sense of sacred duty, to protect the rights and dignity of the Apostolic See.” And the reason for the protest, the prayer, the necessity: “That the Church may be left unhindered to bear help and salvation to every part of the world.”

In the official acts of the first months of the Pontificate it is noticeable how peace, brotherly love and charity preceded pure politics. It was not until the Consistorial Allocation of January, 1915, that the first authoritative political pronouncement came, but before that there had been the “*Clama ne cesses*” speech to the Sacred College on Christmas Eve and the first acts of the amazing record of alleviation of suffering of every sort, glory of Pope Benedict XV, the one person, and of the Holy See, the one Institution, capable of such an achievement. The Consistorial Allocation of January contained the authoritative definition of the attitude of the Holy See, of the Holy Father, with regard to the war: the Neutrality of the Holy See, or, as it was better called when better understood, the Impartiality of the Holy Father. With the news of the Serajevo murder, received as he was going down to the basilica on the Eve of St. Peter, and with the following Austrian ultimatum, Pius X had realized the imminence of the catastrophe of European war which both he and the Cardinal Merry del Val had feared; some of the consequences of which, too, they had foreseen. The shock broke him. He made one effort, urgent personal plea to the Austro-Hungarian Emperor to avert the catastrophe. Under its failure and the tale of the first horrors he sank; and in less than a month after the outbreak of hostilities was borne down to the Crypt of St. Peter's to rest. There had been five months for public opinion in the different countries to vent itself in supposition and, even so soon, in fierce criticism, when Benedict XV defined his attitude in the Consistorial Allocation:

Benedict XV :

If it is not given to Us to hasten the end of a scourge so heavy, would that We could, at least, mitigate its sorrowful consequences. With this aim We have, as you are well aware, hitherto done everything possible for Us. And We shall not cease in the future while the need lasts. To do more than this to-day is not committed to Us by the Apostolic office. To proclaim that for nobody is it lawful, on any plea whatever, to offend justice, belongs chiefly, beyond all question, to the Roman Pontiff as to him who is by God appointed the supreme interpreter and defender of the eternal law ; and We do proclaim it without phrases, condemning openly every injustice, by whatever side it may have been committed. But to involve the Pontifical authority in the very contests of the belligerents would surely neither be appropriate nor useful. Certainly, anyone who judges carefully cannot fail to see that in this enormous struggle the Apostolic See, though filled with the greatest anxiety, must remain perfectly impartial. The Roman Pontiff, as Vicar of Jesus Christ who died for men, one and all, must embrace all the combatants in one sentiment of charity ; and as the Father of all Catholics he has among the belligerents a great number of children for whose salvation he must be equally and without distinction solicitous. It is necessary, therefore, that in them he must consider, not the special interests which divide them, but the common bond of faith which makes them brothers ; were he to do otherwise, not only would he not help at all the cause of peace, but, what is worse, he would create aversions and enmities to religion, and would expose to grave disturbances the very tranquillity and concord of the Church."

We have, then : The impartiality of the Pope as between the two sides : general condemnation of all injustice by whomsoever committed ; the impossibility of specific condemnation. The "impossibility of involving the Pontifical authority in the very contests of the belligerents" was explained to the world more clearly in authoritative comment later. The Holy See could not transform itself into a court of judgment on every accusation of wrong-doing. Firstly, that is not its office ; secondly, it would not judge without hearing what both sides had to say, and the impossibility of getting and hearing such evidence was obvious. In one case, as will be noted, it was able to deliver explicit judgment. For the rest, even as soon as January, 1915, as is seen from the

Pontiff of Peace

above quotations, implicit condemnation was delivered of wrong-doing established beyond doubt, and on many occasions later such condemnation was repeated. At the same time the quick mind of Benedict XV saw both sides of a question or an event. With the implicit condemnation of German wrong-doing, with the special sympathy for the Belgians, there is the warning to the latter that there are rules which bind their conduct also. It was this quickness in appreciating what could justly be said by each side that led to misunderstanding of the Papal attitude by a fighting world which for the moment could only see its own side—misunderstanding increased by incorrect publications of interviews with His Holiness by journalists such as—to mention the two best remembered—Karl von Wiegand and M. Latapie.

The one instance of injustice which the Holy Father could condemn explicitly was the violation of Belgian neutrality. In that case there could be no doubt at all: the guilty party had confessed his guilt. The letter of Cardinal Gasparri to the Belgian Minister to the Holy See, June, 1915, said:

While, then, in the present conflict as a general rule one side accuses and the other denies, and the Holy See, consequently, being unable to conduct an inquiry and find out the truth, cannot make any pronouncement, in this case the German Chancellor himself recognized that in the invasion of Belgium a violation of neutrality was committed, contrary to international law, justifying it simply on the grounds of military necessity. It follows that the invasion of Belgium is directly included in the words used by the Holy Father in the Consistorial Allocution of January 22nd last, when he condemned openly every injustice by whatever side and for whatever motive committed.

Of implicit condemnation there is a long list of instances, following that of the German crimes in Belgium in the above Allocution. A letter to the Cardinal Dean of the Sacred College, of May 25th, 1915, spoke of "means of offence on land and sea contrary to the dictates of humanity and international law." Two letters to Italian bishops in the same year protested against Austrian air

Benedict XV :

attacks on undefended cities. In the Consistorial Allocation of December 4th, 1916, Pope Benedict XV was even more explicit :

We behold, in one place, the vile treatment inflicted on sacred things and on ministers of worship, even of high dignity, although both the former and the latter should be inviolable by Divine law and by the law of nations; in another, numerous peaceable citizens taken away from their homes amid the tears of mothers, wives, children; in another, open cities and undefended populations made victims especially of aerial raids; everywhere, by land and sea, such misdeeds perpetrated as fill the soul with horror and anguish.

No other attitude than impartiality was possible for the "Father of all Catholics," but two particular considerations imposed it on Benedict XV. There was the great work he initiated, and which he had in his mind's eye from the very first days of his Pontificate, on behalf of prisoners and other sufferers by the war.* The extent and efficacy of this work depended, apart from individual feelings of Christian charity and Governmental

*It seems impossible to write, conscientiously, anything about Pope Benedict XV, without at least a summarized reference to what he did for suffering humanity without distinction of creed or nationality: The exchange of prisoners incapacitated for bearing arms; exchange of civil prisoners; hospitalization of over thirty thousand prisoners in Switzerland; free repatriation of the tuberculous; day of rest on Sunday for prisoners. It was through the Pope that the graves of our fallen at the Dardanelles were cared for, photographed and identified; that communication was made possible between those shut up in occupied territory and their mother country. He tried hard, but, unfortunately with no apparent success, for Christmas truces on the field of battle, for periodical truce to bury the dead, for limitation of air action to the zone of war. Innumerable lives of Belgians, Poles, Armenians, Maronites in Lebanon, Christians generally in Syria, all in the occupied territories of France, Italy, Serbia, Montenegro—especially children's lives—were saved by the generous response to Pope Benedict's repeated appeals. Miss Jebb said frankly that the "Save the Children Fund" was lifted from just an ordinary appeal to a world movement by the Pope's support. At the "Office for Prisoners" at the Vatican the specially enrolled army of voluntary workers was receiving at times a thousand letters of inquiry and appeal each day. Seven hundred thousand inquiry schedules about prisoners were sent out to the centres in the various countries, six hundred thousand report schedules drawn up, four hundred thousand special requests for repatriation, half a million other inquiries. In later days it was for Russian and Austrian sufferers in special measure that His Holiness once again appealed to the world. The story of what the Pope did for sufferers during the war is written in the hearts of millions; in words it is told fully in *Cor Paternum*, by Father Quirico, S.J., Rome, Alfieri and Lacroix; succinctly in *Deeds not Words*, published as a "Universe" pamphlet and in other publications.

Pontiff of Peace

feelings of political advisability, on the confidence of the nations in the Pope, the recognition of his impartiality.

If he departed from that, his opportunity to do good would cease. A too special condemnation of injustice, even, might endanger it. This was seen in 1916. The German Government had responded to the Pope's charitable initiatives and pleas with fair generosity, but after his very strong protest against the deportations from Belgium and the North of France it became obdurate. In the second place, Pope Benedict XV was working all the time for peace. In his reputation for absolute impartiality lay his only chance of being listened to and his only chance of being able to do good later if—as was much debated in Italy at one time—the Holy See should be asked to act as moral arbitrator, as non-combatant impartial president, when the time came to consider the justice or injustice of proposed terms. That this consideration was in the Holy Father's mind was seen during the discussion which followed the Peace Note of 1917. In the authoritative comment in the *Osservatore Romano* (October 27th, 1917) on Baron Sonnino's fierce criticism of the Note of the previous August, in the Italian Chamber, the following significant passage occurs :

The Hon. Sonnino would have liked the Note to contain explicit condemnation of the invasion of Belgium, but he fails to see that in that Note the Holy See is not a judge but a mediator, simply doing what it can to induce the belligerent parties to lay aside their arms, meet, discuss and arrive at reconciliation. Now, did ever mediator begin by condemning one side ? If he does so, will he have the smallest chance of succeeding ? The invasion of Belgium was condemned by the Holy See in other circumstances, but such condemnation could not possibly find place in the Pontifical Note.

But far above all and any such material considerations, eminently Christian as they were, of relieving suffering and ending the war, was the thought expressed in the Consistorial Allocution : " He must consider . . . the common bond of faith which makes them brothers ; if he were to do otherwise . . . he would create aversions

Benedict XV :

and enmities to religion and would expose to grave disturbances the very tranquillity and concord of the Church." Which thought, again, is one aspect of the key thought, "Love one another ; Peace." The war was only one sign, if the most striking, of the existing deplorable condition of the world : " Unless God comes to the rescue, the dissolution of human society itself would seem to be at hand." And nowhere more clearly than at the Vatican, possibly at the Vatican alone, were foreseen, both by Pope Benedict XV and his Predecessor, the terrible possibilities which might follow a prolonged war—which, indeed, have come to pass. One Institution alone could remedy such conditions, the Church of Christ ; but what could even that do if divided against itself, if split into schisms, national or otherwise ? Above all things it must be kept united ; above all things, Benedict XV would be careful never to shake the trust in him of Catholics in any country. There is the deeper side, the provident side, to the policy of impartiality : to enable Holy Church to carry out its Divine mission.

That there would be some misunderstandings was inevitable. Men's minds were not attuned to impartial judgment of the Pope's impartiality. And it may be that the very genius of Pope Benedict himself, the tenacity, the intelligence, trained, while at the same time so quickly intuitive, to see both sides of a question, the keen desire for personal contact—as far as was possible for anyone shut up in the Vatican—and for straight, simple truth-speaking in such contact—while it enabled him to carry through and to carry the prestige of the Holy See to a height which the world is realizing now that he is gone—this very genius caused perplexities among such as could not or would not understand. It surprised French visitors to Rome from Rheims, for instance, that the Holy Father should question them so keenly. Had not the Cardinal Archbishop assured His Holiness that there were no machine guns, no observation or signalling posts on the Cathedral ? And should not that suffice ? Of course, it sufficed, in broad outline statement of fact, to rebut the

Pontiff of Peace

German accusations, and attempts to justify bombardment; but Benedict XV never neglected any opportunity of gaining personal, intimate detailed knowledge from anyone in a position to give it: about Rheims, Jerusalem, Armenia, the graves at Gallipoli, public feeling in the United States, actual life in the trenches and the opportunities for Mass and Confession, the torpedoing of the "Sussex" from one who was on board—about everything. Of those who would not understand, the best example was furnished by M. Latapie. The Holy Father and the Cardinal Secretary of State introduced a novelty into the life of the Vatican in the numerous journalistic interviews which they gave during the war. In nearly every instance good faith was kept, and surely it can be taken that the wide dissemination of the truth about the Holy See and the war resulting more than counterbalanced the misunderstanding engendered by such a publication as that of M. Latapie. From perusal of the strange things he said, and of the true things Cardinal Gasparri said, in rectification afterwards, one can almost reconstruct, verbally, the conversation in the Pope's private library. To take one item alone: "According to M. Latapie," said the Cardinal, "the Holy Father added, 'Do you think that the blockade of two Empires, which condemns millions of innocent beings to hunger, is inspired by sentiments of humanity?' Whatever the words used by the Holy Father may have been," the Cardinal said,—“those or others—it is perfectly certain that he intended in using them to ask the opinion of the interviewer, not to make a pronouncement against the legitimacy of the blockade.” (And in point of fact, a letter to Sir Henry Howard contained the explicit assurance that the Holy Father had never made any suggestion that the British blockade of Germany was not perfectly legitimate.) Generally, His Eminence continued, misunderstanding arose—putting aside such pure and simple inventions as were found in the case of M. Latapie—because “a certain phrase makes an impression on the interviewer. He reproduces it without reflecting that the phrase detached from all the

Benedict XV :

context does not reproduce faithfully the thought contained in it, or, even worse still, quite misrepresents it." One can almost see M. Latapie, begged by His Holiness to speak quite freely, pouring out his questions and arguments, on the "Lusitania," on the blockade, on everything ; the Holy Father quickly countering with all that might be put forward on the other side and the consequent reasons for the Papal attitude, founded on impartiality. And one sees the interviewer—for reasons of his own, possibly understood by French politicians—putting all these counter-arguments into the Holy Father's mouth as the sentiments of the Pope. "Speak freely"—this desire for frank outspoken interchange of confidence is dangerous in such cases, but fortunately they are few ; in the long run, right and truth cannot but gain by such a policy.

The war went on and on. The common Father looked out at it from the Vatican with ever increasing grief as he saw his children killing his children in ever increasing numbers, with ever increasing tale of horror and suffering. One sees the coherence, the tenacity of Benedict XV in the appeal, the prayer for peace, for the "will for peace" he put into every utterance, whether just a letter to a bishop, an address to a religious association, or a public pronouncement. Such was his important political appeal, that to the "Peoples now at war and to their Rulers," on the first anniversary of the outbreak, July 28th, 1915 :

We conceived at once the firm purpose of consecrating all our energy and all our power to the reconciling of the peoples at war ; indeed, we made it a solemn promise to our Divine Saviour who willed to make all men brothers at the cost of His Blood . . . Our advice, affectionate and insistent as that of a father and a friend, remained unheard . . . But our purpose was unshaken. We turned, therefore, with all confidence to the Almighty. Nor let it be said that the immense conflict cannot be settled without the violence of war. Lay aside your mutual purpose of destruction. Remember that nations do not die ; humbled and oppressed they chafe under the yoke imposed upon them, preparing a renewal of the combat and passing down from generation to generation a mournful heritage of hatred and revenge. Why not, from this

Pontiff of Peace

moment, weigh with serene minds the rights and lawful aspirations of the peoples? Why not initiate with a good will an exchange of views, directly or indirectly, with the object of holding in due account, within the limits of possibility, those rights and aspirations, and thus succeed in putting an end to the monstrous struggle, as has been done under similar circumstances?

So, with prophetic insight, spoke the Vicar of Christ from the "Observatory of the world," after one year, appealing only, not yet, as two years later, suggesting. But the world at war was in no mood to heed appeals or warnings from just a small frail figure in white a long way off—and without an army.

There was, indeed, a chasm, unbridgeable, between the two views. Without attempting judgment on what may or may not have been in the minds of the peoples and rulers in the Central Empires—save to note that early war-utterances show the chasm clearly enough, and that officialdom was obdurate when an opening was offered it for a move in the right direction later—we can at least compare the viewpoint of the Allied peoples and rulers with that of the Pope. And we find that, behind even the fiercest war feeling, ultimately their aim was the Pope's aim, just and lasting peace. It was between the two differing viewpoints of the means to attain it that the chasm lay. The Pope was impartial; he saw the slaughter and the misery: he foresaw "a mournful heritage of hatred and revenge" increasing with every day of hatred and slaughter. Nor did he believe that definite victory could ever come to either side. His appeal was prompted, not only from the highest motives arising from his office, but also from considerations of plain, worldly, material expediency. The war must be stopped, an agreement reached, if ever just and lasting peace were to be attained. On the other hand the Allies were not impartial; they looked back on the beginning of the war; they saw the future in the light of the past; for them the only guarantee for just and lasting peace was a victory which should make the crime of the past impossible for the future.

Benedict XV :

Then America came in. It was a development completely unexpected, even up to the last moment, at the Vatican. And at first it was a blow. Pope Benedict had hoped that the good offices of the Holy See as mediator might at some time be sought by the world which knew that they were always at its service, and he had looked to the United States for the material effort to put alongside his own moral effort. Undiscouraged, however, and reviewing the resulting situation, he soon came to look on the intervention of America in a more favourable light. The interview he gave to Mr. Thompson showed him regarding it as really holding out the hope of an earlier attainment of the just and lasting peace.

So we reach the great political pronouncement, the Peace Note of August, 1917, appealing again, but also suggesting concrete bases for discussion, and hailed generally in Allied countries as "of Austro-German inspiration." Probably most of those who thus hailed it would now acknowledge the absurdity of the idea, but the cry was intelligible at the moment. In some quarters there was prejudice, very generally there was hesitation, amounting to distrust, regarding any and every peace suggestion of the Pope. There were those who argued: Catholic Austria must necessarily be closer to the Pope's heart than any other fighting country; therefore his sympathy is with the Central Empires against the Allies; therefore his proposals are intended to help the former to the detriment of the latter. He is pro-German, in fact; everything he says and does is pro-German. And such argument found for itself support in Catholic press utterances here, political happenings there—founded to some extent on fact, and proving, to the satisfaction of the already prejudiced, that Catholics generally were against the Allies. But for all these things, in actual truth, the Pope was in no way responsible. The criticism of the more sane had honest origin in that chasm between their viewpoint of the war and that of Pope Benedict. Such critics saw, resulting from acceptance of his peace proposals, at the best a return to the *status quo ante bellum* :

Pontiff of Peace

German arms marching home triumphant having "vanquished all the world arrayed against them," militarism unchecked, unpunished, the threat of 1914 once again overhanging Europe; much of Belgium and the North of France in ruins; and no reparation, no repentance: could that be a just and lasting peace? To the suggestions of German inspiration, voiced most loudly by persons who could not have studied the words of the Note, a succinct reply was at once given: "The Pope's Peacemove was taken on his sole initiative, he considering that official pronouncements of statesmen on both sides showed that divergent points of view had now approached sufficiently to make the consideration of a peace-agreement possible. His own private information confirmed this opinion, and therefore he considered the opportune moment had come to suggest certain bases on which consultation might be initiated, the Governments being left to make them definite and complete." There was no prompting, Austro-German or Allied, for the Note; the only voice listened to was: "It seems to Us that the Divine Spirit says to Us as once to the Prophet, *Clamane cesses!*" And Pope Benedict's intuition told him that the time had come. So true was the statement that it was his own sole initiative that, while, of course, the Cardinal Secretary of State must necessarily be in the confidence of his Chief in a matter of such high political importance, the Cardinals generally, even those composing the Sacred Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, had no knowledge at all of the Note until after it was printed, ready for publication. It is possible that the Pope's advisers overestimated the "will for peace" in the Central Empires; it is certain that by the time the Note was published it had ceased to be operative. That became evident later, on the publication of the correspondence relative to the Peace Proposals, elucidated by further official publications in the *Osservatore Romano* following the "Erzberger Revelations" of 1919. From these emerged: (1) The good will of the British Government, provided there was some assurance of the good will of

Benedict XV :

Germany, particularly with regard to Belgium, a point of primary interest to Great Britain : (2) the efforts of the Holy See to get assurance of German good will and just intentions, with guarantee of their execution ; (3) the failure of the Holy See to obtain these—for Mgr. Pacelli, under instructions from Rome, appealed to the very highest quarters but could obtain no satisfactory assurance. The wind had changed in Germany, if ever it had been blowing in appreciable volume in the right direction.

The Pope felt somewhat keenly the fact that there was no joint reasoned reply from the Allied Powers, France, Great Britain and Italy, to his initiative. Great Britain, having, of course, sent courteous acknowledgment with promise of most serious consideration, wisely and frankly regularized her position, so to speak, by, firstly, the explanation that President Wilson's reply was sent before the Allies had had time to formulate an agreed text, and that their simplest course seemed to be to signify agreement with what the Associated Power had said ; secondly, by the communication of the Note referred to above, which the Holy See welcomed and followed up hopefully, only to be rebuffed by the returning obduracy of Germany. That the Allies would ever have been able to agree on the text of a joint reply is very doubtful. In Italy, as far as such matters were concerned, the Foreign Minister was supreme, and Baron Sonnino's bias in anything regarding the Vatican was known then and became even better known later. On October 21st, 1917, he took advantage of a Foreign Policy debate in the Chamber to reply on behalf of Italy—or rather of himself—to the Peace Note, using the wrong occasion and the wrong language. He had one argument which appeared sound behind the brusque way in which it was expressed : " Putting the Belgian question and the reparation to Belgium on the same footing as all other offensives and damages by war legitimately and loyally carried on, is giving solemn sanction to this new law of violence and abuse of all law." But it should have been known to everyone by that time that the words in the Note, " special reasons in certain

Pontiff of Peace

cases," referred to Belgium; and responsible people had realized what had escaped full notice on first reading, that the Note did not put forward proposals for acceptance or rejection, but suggested no more than bases for discussion, to be filled in by the Powers themselves. Another point which seemed to have escaped the notice of Baron Sonnino and others was that all the suggestions depended on the establishment in practice of the principle enunciated in the first paragraph of the Note: "The fundamental point should be that the moral force of right should replace the material force of arms," hence reduction of armaments by agreement, arbitration, enforced by sanctions, and "the supremacy of right once established," the other suggestions followed.

Publication, later on, of details of the Pope's effort for the interchange of Austrian and Italian prisoners showed how the scheme, worked out in detail and practically accepted by both sides, was killed at the last minute by a Note from the Consulta for which there was no apparent motive other than the desire to prevent credit accruing to the Vatican. And, of course, Baron Sonnino was entirely responsible for the famous Clause XV in the London Agreement on the entry of Italy into the war—best quoted in the French, as controversy was caused by different versions and translations: "*La France, la Grande Bretagne et la Russie appuieront l'opposition que l'Italie formera à toute proposition tendant à introduire un représentant du Saint Siège dans toutes les négociations pour la paix et pour le règlement des questions soulevées par la présente guerre.*" The Pope said nothing publicly of the keen chagrin he felt. That he, who had spent himself in good deeds and good endeavour to save suffering by smoothing the way to peace, that he should be picked out and banned, told peremptorily—or rather left, no less peremptorily, to find out—that he was the one person who could not be allowed to assist in the final work of peace-making, because, forsooth, the Institution he by Divine mission represented did not please a certain statesman. Sonnino had said "No."

Benedict XV :

In actual fact the Pope had never claimed admission to a Peace Conference, though many thoughtful Italians had upheld the view that he should be there as moral arbiter. His line of conduct, laid down after mature deliberation in the early days of the war, was clear and remained unchanged: "In the case of a peace by agreement the Holy See would have intervened willingly, if invited, with the intention of contributing to the work of reconciliation between the contending Powers. On the other hand, in the case of absolute victory of one of the two sides, and therefore of the imposition of peace by the conqueror on the conquered, inasmuch as this, whatever concrete form it might take, would necessarily be hateful (*odiosa*) to the side which had yielded, it determined that even if it was invited it would decline the invitation." So, in point of fact again, Clause XV of the London Agreement was useless, might well have been scrapped; and one reads between the lines of official statements in the House of Commons that British statesmen, who had no idea when they signed it of the import it was to assume, far from having any objection, would have been quite relieved to have scrapped it. The straightforward simplicity of Lord Robert Cecil's explanations was fully appreciated at the Vatican.

One recalls how these and other bubbles of incrimination burst, one after the other, when the simple truth became known. Monsieur Caillaux, for instance, set all political Rome in a ferment in 1917. He came to Italy, to Rome, and was reported to be engaged in every kind of malignant plot: to undermine the Entente, to induce Italy to make a separate peace, to prepare a future alliance between France, Italy and the Central Empires against England and Russia. And it was confidently asserted, the most varied circumstantial evidence being adduced in support, that he or Madame Caillaux had been in close touch with prelates of the Secretariate of State described as "tendentially pro-German," even with the Cardinal Secretary of State himself. All these things were stated openly in the Chamber of Deputies. At the end of the

Pontiff of Peace

year to rumour was added a circumstantial document, a report from the Naval Attaché at the French Embassy here to the Quirinal, and final proof of all the Vatican-Caillaux intrigue was adduced in a statement by a certain M. Leprestre. Statesmen in the highest positions, Italian, Russian, Rumanian, even the British Ambassador, were cited in confirmation; M. Leprestre also brought in the American Embassy. The Vatican was exceedingly patient, but there came a moment when it was obvious that the limit had been reached. It issued a clear, succinct and absolute denial, with circumstantial, detailed proof of the untruth of all the allegations as far as it was concerned. At the same time the mention of the names of so many important people necessitated some elucidation. On the first breath of inquiry the whole tissue fabric of allegations against the Holy See vanished into thin air. No corroboration came from any one of the personages named; in some cases there was explicit refutation; the American Ambassador's remarks were very much to the point, and M. Leprestre disappeared from Rome. After the Caillaux trial, in the spring of 1920, the *Osservatore Romano* printed a very caustic comment, noting, firstly, the public endorsement of the Vatican statement of fact that there had been no communication at all between Monsieur or Madame Caillaux and the Vatican; secondly, that the source of the information of the French Embassy was the secretary of Baron Sonnino, that is the Italian Foreign Minister himself; thirdly, that, when directly appealed to, he would not take the responsibility of confirming the statement of the alleged connection with the Vatican, which, fourthly, does not agree with the very definite allegations in the report of the Naval Attaché of the Embassy. "But," concluded the *Osservatore*, "*parce sepolto*"—a phrase which may now be written at the foot of the story of all the other incidents brought up to cast discredit on the Holy See.

The Gerlach case was not so easily disposed of. A Private Chamberlain, in personal attendance on His Holiness, was found guilty by a military court of attempts

Benedict XV :

against the realm of Italy and sentenced to penal servitude for life. When Italy entered the war in the spring of 1915, the rule was that prelates and ecclesiastics of the Central Empires resident in Rome should leave the country. Such as held official positions in the Curia remained, but with certain obligations of reporting their movements to the Italian authorities. Mgr. Gerlach, living in the Vatican, asked to be allowed to remain, and Pope Benedict XV, in kindness to a Private Chamberlain to whom he was personally attached, gave the required permission on condition that he did not leave the Vatican. Not only did Mgr. Gerlach leave the Vatican several times to keep appointments with persons whose loyalty to Italy, or at least whose sympathy with the war in which it was engaged, was under suspicion, but it was proved beyond doubt at the trial that he was the means of the passing from the Central Empires of funds to subsidize pro-German newspapers published in Italy. The more serious accusation against him was that of furnishing information to the enemy. His trial afforded no convincing proof of this; the principal evidence against him, that of an ex-priest, one Bruno Tedeschi, was shown to be absolutely untrustworthy; and in any case the court found that the Holy See was not in the slightest way connected with the acts of which he was alleged to be guilty. As soon as ever the serious nature of the charge was known, he was invited by the Cardinal Secretary of State to give full and frank explanation to the Holy Father, his proved friend, patron, and spiritual Chief. He did not respond as he should have done. Pope Benedict XV did not allow any question of protocol to stand in the way of such inquiries as the Italian authorities might desire to make; and in the event, before the publication of the sentence condemning him, the representatives of the Supreme Pontiff handed over at the bronze doors of the Vatican the person of his Private Chamberlain to the representatives of the authority of the King of Italy, and these conducted him with all courtesy beyond the borders of the realm. It was a way of evading what might have been

Pontiff of Peace

an awkward situation. Mgr. Gerlach's behaviour has been described as constituting "the worst betrayal since Judas"—but the trial and verdict established beyond doubt that though it might be said that the Pope had extended his confidence to a dangerous extent, and that insufficient precautions were taken against the insertion by the German Chamberlain of uncontrolled private correspondence in the Vatican official correspondence passing to Switzerland, no responsibility for anything he did, or was alleged to have done, could be placed on the shoulders of the Holy See. That very definite finding of the court suffices.

In addition to these two notorious instances a long list might be compiled of occasions afforded either by war events or by peace approaches for suggestions by the nervous on one side that the other side was inveigling the Holy Father out of his impartiality into a line of action favourable to its interests, or, by the prejudiced, that he was deliberately acting on behalf of the enemy. Some such suggestions and insinuations were passed over in the silence they merited. Pope Benedict XV was too great a gentleman, had too great a sense of the dignity of the Holy See, to degrade it and himself to the level of the scurrilous. Such was the suggestion, at the time of the Austrian Empress's letter to Prince Sixte, that the Holy See sought to "work for an Austrian peace." Even in the case of the Caporetto disaster and the Papal Note, with special reference to the "useless slaughter," the official Italian inquiry disposed of the attempt to lay responsibility on the Pontiff for any attempt to depress the *moral* of the army. One more official "absolution" for Pope Benedict XV. In point of fact, it was thoroughly realized in Italy that the "weakening," if any, did not come from study of the Papal Note, but from incautious comment in Catholic papers. The *Corriere d'Italia*, for instance, referred to the Note on the evening before its publication in a way to suggest that His Holiness explicitly inserted the cession of Trent and Trieste to Italy in the peace terms he proposed for consideration, and the com-

Benedict XV :

ment of the *Corriere di Friuli* was of such a nature that, while the military authorities merely sequestered the one issue, the Holy Father took the far stronger step of forbidding the publication of the paper altogether as soon as the matter was brought to his notice.

Armistice came. Pope Benedict XV, looking out on the world from the "Observatory," saw peace to the extent at least that the inhuman slaughter of his children by his children was over; but it was not the peace by agreement that he had desired; it was to be a peace dictated by conquerors to conquered, fraught with the danger of the "heritage of hatred and revenge." His thought did not change; it developed. He had indeed failed in his immediate object, the hastening of an agreement peace; but there remained the deeper purpose to which immediate peace had been only a step, the peace of souls. The "Love one another" of the *Ad Beatissimi* is the thought on which he now concentrated. A letter to the Cardinal Secretary of State, of November 8th, 1918, said: "We hope that it will not be long before the happy dawn of peace which has arisen also over Our beloved country rejoices the other warring peoples, and We foretaste the sweetness of that day, now not far off, in which charity will return to reign amongst men and universal concord will unite the nations in a league fruitful of good." The same thought inspired the Encyclical Letter of December 8th, 1918. First, thanks must be given to Almighty God. Then:

It remains now to implore of the Divine mercy that the crown be put on the great gift accorded Us. Soon the delegates of the various nations will meet in solemn congress to give the world a just and lasting peace: no human assembly has ever had before it such serious and complex determinations as they will have to take. Words, then, are not required to show how great need they have of being illuminated from on high that they may carry out their great task well. And as their decisions will be of supreme interest to all humanity, there is no doubt that Catholics, for whom the support of order and civil progress is a duty of conscience, must invoke Divine assistance for all who take part in the Peace Conference. We

Pontiff of Peace

desire that that duty be brought before all Catholics. Therefore, Venerable Brothers, in order that there may come from the Congress shortly to be held that great gift of Heaven, true peace, founded on the Christian principles of justice, that enlightenment from the Heavenly Father may descend on them, it shall be your care to order public prayers in each parish of your dioceses, in the way you may think most convenient. As for Us, representing, however unworthily, Jesus Christ, King of Peace, We shall exert all the influence of Our Apostolic Ministry that the decisions which are to be taken to ensure for ever in the world the tranquillity of order and concord be willingly accepted and faithfully carried out by Catholics everywhere.

That was the first message after the Armistice to the bishops, and through them to the Catholics of the world. First, give thanks ; second, pray for Divine guidance for the human means ; third, co-operate. The final object—that the Church of Christ may carry out its Divine mission.

The development of the Holy Father's thought is seen in this instruction to co-operate, in his realization that the Church, and he as its guide, must use the human means, in his intuitive perception of the "changed circumstances of the times." Repeatedly, in later documents and actions, the thought becomes evident, more than once the phrase itself appears. The letter to the Cardinal Secretary of State, written as early as November 8th, was intended primarily to show how unfounded were the rumours current—founded on the old prejudice and misunderstanding and on ill will—that "the Supreme Pontiff was in his heart displeased" at the Italian victory over Austria. It pointed out that in the Note of August, 1917, the hope had been expressed, and repeated later, that "the territorial questions between Italy and Austria might find a solution in conformity with the just aspirations of the peoples," and it went on :

We have given instructions to Our Nuncio at Vienna to establish friendly relations with the different nationalities of the Austro-Hungarian Empire which have constituted themselves into independent States. In fact the Church, a perfect society which has for its one and only aim the sanctification of men in all times and in all

Benedict XV :

countries, while it adapts itself to different forms of government, so it accepts without any difficulty the legitimate territorial and political variations of the peoples.

It is the rock conception of the *Ad Beatissimi*, the Church carrying out its Divine mission, using the legitimate human means at hand. There came, too, rays of light penetrating the "cloud which still disturbs the calmness of Our mind." There came, for instance, declarations of peace policy from Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George and, when they were put in parallel columns with the Papal Note of August, 1917, it was seen that, if their dispositions were not identical, the similarity was such as to warrant the suggestion that the two statesmen had taken the Note as their model, and the hope that its principles might permeate the deliberations and determinations of the Conference.

With the Encyclical of Pentecost, 1920, we pass from the War, the Armistice, the Conference, to the Peace stage. The title gives the clue to his thought: "The Re-establishment of Christian Peace"; the words take us right back to the *Ad Beatissimi* again. That was a great religious document; so is this. Each is the exposition of the outlook of the Church of Christ on the world-problems of the moment and, if the momentary problems have changed their aspect, the lesson is the same: "Love one another; Peace"; the peace of souls; the means whereby to reach it; Charity in its every aspect. The Encyclical is Charity. There is nothing else in it, but every aspect of Charity is there. Among peoples as among individuals, forgiveness, reconciliation, help for those in need. While, too, the Divine precept orders us and guides us, the material necessities of the world counsel the re-ordering of its life. Pope Benedict XV, intuitively alive to the "changed circumstances of the times and the dangerous trend of events" and, as ever, quick to act, sets the example. With the purpose of "encouraging this concord between civilized nations which is maintained and fostered by the modern custom of visits and meetings at which the Heads of States and Princes are accustomed to treat of matters

Pontiff of Peace

of special importance, We would not be unwilling to relax in some measure the severity of the conditions justly laid down by Our Predecessors, when the civil power of the Apostolic See was overthrown, against the official visits of the Heads of Catholic States to Rome." It was an historic concession; safeguarded fully, as will be seen, by the passage immediately following, renewing the protests, maintaining and upholding in the most explicit terms the "rights and dignity of the Apostolic See," but an historic concession all the same. Yet, if one looks back, it is seen again to be nothing more than a repetition of the *Ad Beatissimi*. Pope Benedict XV's last great War-and-Peace utterance to the world concluded with two pleas. Firstly, "that all States, putting aside mutual suspicion, should unite in one league, or rather a sort of family of peoples," a scheme to which, if carried out on Christian principles, the Church, the perfect society, will lend its aid. Secondly, "to all men and all peoples to join in mind and heart with the Catholic Church, and through the Church with Christ the Redeemer of the human race, so that We may address to them in very truth the words of St. Paul to the Ephesians, 'But now, in Christ Jesus, you who sometime were afar off are made nigh by the Blood of Christ. For He is our Peace. . . .'"

Pope Benedict XV was not afraid to allow his realization of the changed circumstances of the times to be seen clearly in his treatment of incidentals in the relations between Italy and the Holy See. Fundamentally, of course, the situation remains the same to-day as after 1870, after—to be more exact—the Law of Guarantees of 1871. He showed more openly than previous Pontiffs, however, his hope that Italy may realize the truths of the situation; and during his Pontificate, under stress of events which have made Italians think, something has come about in this regard which, if it cannot be called a revolution, is at least a remarkable speeding up of the movement which has been going on for many years, not always noticed and sometimes, indeed, temporarily smothered. Mgr. Della Chiesa lived his early Curia life with Mgr. Rampolla,

Benedict XV :

The latter received the Red Hat, to be appointed Secretary of State, at the Consistory of May, 1887. It was in the Allocution at that very Consistory that Leo XIII expressed the hope that "the zeal for pacification with which We are animated towards all nations might prove useful to Italy in the way in which We are bound to wish." It is interesting now to put those words alongside the declaration of Cardinal Gasparri expressing "the thought of the Holy Father" in June, 1915: "The Holy See awaits the convenient systematization of its situation, not from foreign arms, but by the triumph of those sentiments of justice which it hopes will spread more and more among the Italian people in conformity with their true interests." Pacification, too, could be read between the lines of the two official expositions later in that year: Signor Orlando stating the Italian case at Palermo, but with remarkable deference, even reverence, towards the Holy See; the Holy Father replying in the Consistorial Allocution with most courteous reference to the good dispositions of the Italian Government. Good will on both sides made possible the solution of the problem of the representatives accredited to the Holy See of the Powers at war with the Allies when Italy joined in the struggle, their departure coming about, to quote the *Osservatore Romano*, simply "through the force of events." The Pope's protests against Austrian air raids on undefended Italian cities did not escape notice, nor his references to "Our Beloved Italy"; worthy of even more serious notice was the dispatch, through the intermediary of His Majesty King George, of a copy of the Peace Note to the "King of Italy" among other Heads of States with whom the Holy See had no diplomatic relations. There was a slight contretemps occasioned by the occupation by the Italian Government of the Palazzo di Venezia, seat of the Austrian Embassy to the Holy See, but the *Osservatore Romano* officially modified the bitterness of the first Papal protest. The Pope had let it be seen clearly that his impartiality did not affect Italian Catholics in their duty to their country; they carried out that duty with a

Pontiff of Peace

loyalty second to none; public opinion in Italy appreciated that fact and was ready to accommodate itself to the after-war novelty, the taking up by Catholics of their full part in the political life of the country. Other signs followed, of distinct if minor significance: flags of Catholic associations in the Piazza of the Quirinal acclaiming him who once was called "the Usurper"; the Cardinal Vicar of His Holiness officiating at the *Te Deum* for victory and armistice at Sta. Maria in Aracoeli with the King's Lieutenant-Governor, the Duke of Genoa, present in official state; and many other religious functions at which Church and State met in rejoicing. Major development was the permission of the Holy See, undoubted even if necessarily tacit, for the formation of the Popular Party. In the three general elections in the Pontificate of Pius X the *Non Expedit*—it is not expedient that Catholics take part in political elections—had been relaxed in progressive measure, in the last in 1913 it had been relaxed generally throughout the country, with the result of the specific downfall of such enemies of the Church as Podrecca and Romolo Murri, and the general victory of candidates of law and order over anarchists. But the *Non Expedit* had not been abrogated, it remained. Pope Benedict XV believed the moment had arrived to go beyond that quietly progressive policy and allow Italian Catholics to take independent political action. With the formation of the Popular Party—though it was not a "Catholic" party, was purely political—the Holy See took no responsibility for its actions over which it assumed no control—in actual fact the *Non Expedit* ceased to exist. Pope Benedict XV was convinced that this advent of Catholics to full share in the political life of Italy had to come about; he allowed it to come about definitely and at once. Italian Catholics are a part of the Church; it is not difficult to see in the tacit permission given for the new development a part of the great design of the Church's carrying out its mission in the world.

The development regarding the political life of the country had its share in the development of general con-

Benedict XV :

sideration of the relations between Italy and the Holy See. Few in Italy had studied the old "question" sufficiently seriously and dispassionately to be able to realize the facts; the stress of war and consideration of possible developments after it made people think. During the war much was written about the Holy See, its relations with Italy as well as with the world; knowledge of the true facts spread; discussion on the resumption of diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See, and the ultimate re-establishment of such relations, brought home to even the Italian in the street the personal consideration: "France is doing this, thinking, saying openly indeed, that in so doing she has in her mind's eye the material advantage to be gained. Cannot Italy do the same, even if only for the same material reason? And if she does not do so, will she not be left in a position of inferiority?" So was developed the newspaper discussion of last year and the novelty of its reproduction by the Press Department of the Foreign Office in semi-official "book" form. From that became evident the growth of general realization of the true facts of the "question," with corresponding tendency to regard it with less prejudice, saner judgment. This was recognized and appreciated by the Holy See.

In his latest days Pope Benedict XV looked out from the Vatican and saw, as he had foreseen, a convulsed world, needing, and much of it asking, blindly or with knowledge, rehabilitation, regeneration. By one means alone could it be accomplished, by the means left by its Redeemer for that very purpose. The Church must gird itself to the work, the whole Church, united under the guidance of its Chief. So we have the tale of Apostolic Visitors passing throughout countries and continents, the tale of relations, diplomatic or religio-diplomatic, with practically every civilized country in the world, countries which had no relations seeking them, countries which had broken coming back. We have the Oriental Congregation and Institute, centre in Rome for the gathering in of the vast East. A world outside, largely unknown, largely unknowing, seeks

Pontiff of Peace

peace ; it is for the world that has known peace to carry it, and that world must itself be at peace to do so. Italy will come ; Benedict XV, as he saw his days passing, might well look forward. France had come back officially, at the bidding of the conscience of its people, with the intercession of its St. Joan. If its gesture in response had not been so generous as that of the Father to the strayed eldest daughter, if there still remained among its rulers enough of the spirit of seventeen years ago to prevent full comprehension of the "Peace ; Love one another" of the Pope—the Peace by which Canossa is not included in the journey, but the prodigal is seen "a great way off"—still it had come. And just before he passed, Pope Benedict XV had one great happiness ; Peace seemed to be at last dawning over one loved isle. Little is known now, much may be known later, of what the Head of the Church did to bring peace to troubled Ireland. There were a few outward signs : the passage in the letter in the conscription time of years ago urging on the bishops the "calmness and moderation so necessary especially in difficult times" ; the heartfelt prayer in the address to pilgrim bishops, priests and people after the Beatification of the Martyr, that his intercession might bring peace with the attainment of just aspirations ; the letter to Cardinal Logue of April, 1921, accompanying the *donatim* for the "White Cross" ; the heartfelt thanks expressed to the English pilgrims last October, the heartfelt recognition of the part King George and his people played in making peace possible. Here, too, as in the world war, Pope Benedict XV was impartial ; but here, too, he shared the "just aspirations of the peoples" ; here, too, he condemned "every injustice by whatever side it may have been committed." What is not known, except in part, is the tale of exhortation, moral influence, to inculcate the peace spirit, which brooks no excess in claims or actions, which, in a word, is Charity. For those who do not know it because they will not, in whose eyes the Holy See can do no good thing, can do nothing at all—*Parce sepultis*. Such as are not blinded by prejudice

Benedict XV

will think of, or, if they can, make pilgrimage to, the tomb in the crypt of St. Peter's and give thanks. Pope Benedict XV, before he died, saw the light dawn over the Isle of Saints, or, it may be he saw just a Star, but one that should guide the Saints to be out as of old to the Christianizing of the world—the Church carrying out its Divine mission—and it is known how he rejoiced.

A great Pontificate?—Surely, in greatness of conception. From the Vatican the Pope looked out in the gloom of the fading of that fateful year 1914 on—to quote the key once more—“a spectacle perhaps the darkest and saddest in all human history. . . . Unless God comes to the rescue, the dissolution of human society itself would seem to be at hand.” His Master's Vicar, wielder of the power of the Church of Christ, he would set that great army on the path, first of peace, then of regeneration; it was to be, as indeed by Divine dispensation it is ordained to be, united itself, and then uniting others, His hand down here, the human means by which in His own good time God should indeed “come to the rescue.” God's good time is eternal, that of His Vicar was sadly limited. If after a brief seven years he was carried to his rest alongside his first predecessor in the centre of the Church's eternal life, the conception is still with us visible, the great, the true, the Divine conception, coming from on high together with the Inspiration of September 2nd, 1914, undimmed by such failures as there may have been in time of awful stress, the lot of all men, even Popes, undimmed, indeed lusted, by the misunderstandings of the world, and beacon, surely, for his successors, guides of the great and ever growing army, instrument of regeneration through God's good eternal time.

ROME.

L. J. S. WOOD.

MOUNTAINEERING*

EARLY in June, 1889, after making arrangements with my incomparable friend and companion of Alpine expeditions, Father Luigi Grasselli, I wrote to my guide, Gadin of Courmayeur, asking him to be at Macugnaga on July 28th, where we would join him on the following day. It was our intention to go by the Weiss-thor and the Cima di Jazzi, and so descend on Zermatt. We had also decided to give up this route if necessary for the ascent of the Dufour Spitze (the highest peak of Monte Rosa) from Macugnaga. To avoid discussion we had kept our intention to ourselves, feeling sure that if the proposal were made on the spot and in favourable conditions, it would be welcomed. Gadin's reply, however, showed our caution to be unnecessary. "I agree," he wrote, "to be at Macugnaga on the 28th; I advise you that, if the weather is fine, we shall do Monte Rosa." Gadin had agreed to bring another guide, Alessio Proment, a vigorous and intelligent youth, to serve as porter. We knew that neither of these men had made the ascent of the Dufour Spitze by any route, nor had we ourselves, and we knew it would not be an easy expedition.

Three years earlier, the sight of the memorial stone to Marinelli and Imsegg in the cemetery of Macugnaga and the particulars I had heard of the catastrophe to which they fell victims, had left a melancholy impression on my mind. I had studied the published accounts of previous ascents of the Dufour Spitze from Macugnaga; but it seemed to me that the dangers and disasters encountered in those previous ascents might reasonably be attributed to unfavourable mountain and atmospheric conditions. With regard to us, the important point was that we knew our men. It was just a year since we had attempted the ascent of Mont Blanc from Courmayeur with them. My brother Edward was one of our party at the time, he also belonging to the Milan section of the Alpine Club.

* Translated from an article contributed in 1889 by Father Achille Ratti, now Pope Pius XI, to the *Journal of the Italian Alpine Club*.

Mountaineering

Imprisoned by wind and snow in the Sella Hut, we were forced by lack of provisions and fuel to descend in spite of the storm, and it was in this descent that our men had inspired us with complete confidence in them. This trust will not seem exaggerated to those who know the locality and will imagine it covered with deep snow far below the terrace on which stood the old hut, now abandoned.

In 1867 Mathews and Morshead had formed a plan for scaling the colossus of Monte Rosa from the Pizzo Bianco side. They thought, however, it would be too risky because of the constant fall of avalanches from the highest peak. The idea was taken up by Mr. Taylor and by the Pendlebury brothers, who were the first to carry it through, on July 22nd, 1872. It is evident from their account in the *Alpine Journal* that the widening of the crevasses of the upper glacier and the constant threat of avalanches caused serious trouble and even some moments of real panic to the English climbers. The same ascent was made in 1880 by Herr Lendenfeld of Graz.

It occurred to Damiano Marinelli of the Florence Section that it was not proper that foreigners only should attempt the ascent of the Italian side of Monte Rosa, which is as essentially Italian as the Matterhorn is essentially Swiss. He was at Macugnaga in the summer of 1881, but conditions could not have been more unfavourable. The sirocco was blowing and there were constant avalanches. On August 8th he fell a victim to an avalanche, in the great *couloir* which bears his name. Another foreigner, Prof. Schulz of Leipzig, attempted the same ascent and, favoured by exceptionally good conditions, was successful. These and later expeditions previous to ours showed that what we specially needed was ice and fine cold weather, the first to secure us against crevasses, the second against avalanches. We could consider ourselves lucky if we found little frost, snow or ice on the rocks of the summit.

As it turned out we had the good fortune to carry out the expedition under the best possible conditions. Two days before our arrival at Macugnaga a heavy fall of snow

Mountaineering

had occurred on the side of the Pizzo Bianco. The temperature was distinctly lowered, and if any stone or cornice had had an unstable equilibrium it would certainly have already fallen. It remained to be seen how much fresh snow had fallen. To the storm had succeeded not only fine but splendid weather, and when on the road from Vanzone to Prequarero, Monte Rosa burst upon our view, it was a vision of incomparable beauty. Around us the fresh green of forests and meadows ; above us, heaven's pavilion decked in the fairest azure that may be seen, of crystalline purity and transparency ; facing us, with its immense expanse of snow and ice, with its gigantic, ten-peaked crown, about 15,000 feet high, aglow and aflame with the first rays of the sun, the Alpine colossus towered in invitation—or was it in defiance ?

We arrived at Pestarena as a group of gold-miners, lamp in hand, were about to go down again to the tunnels, after their early meal. It is well known that the practical sense and characteristic courage of the English find a way of employing advantageously no small capital in this far corner of Italy. And I say no small capital, not only for the importance of the work and the number of men employed, but also (be it said with praise) for the generosity with which our workmen's security is provided for at Pestarena, where they are not, as in so many other places, victims of a homicidal economy. Thanks to the courtesy of the English Consulate at Milan and the kindness of the overseer at the mine, we were able to watch the chief work at the mine and see how the king of metals is separated from the crushed earth.

It was half-past eight in the morning, and Pestarena was not far behind us, when our men came into view. They had not expected us so early, but the greeting was none the less cordial. "Well, sirs, Monte Rosa is there and we shall do it," said Gadin at once. The good man had made up his mind and had already done something to ensure the success of the expedition. Arriving a day ahead of us, he had not wasted his time, but had employed it in collecting information and studying the ground on

Mountaineering

the spot, going with Proment as far as the Pedriolo Alp. With the intuitive, almost divining, instinct of a proved and expert guide, he had already mapped out the route to take from the Marinelli Hut to the Dufour Spitze. For anything that eye or glass could see, there was not a crevasse, not a hanging or threatening cornice, not one disturbing evidence of fresh snow or visible trace of ice on the highest peak. It was hardly possible to distinguish the *bergschrund*. Arriving at the Monte Moro Inn, we found that our project had received a most encouraging vote of confidence. The proprietor, Sig. G. Oberto, had been on the Dufour Spitze with the first English expedition of Mr. Taylor, and knew our men. "With such weather and such men," he said to me, "you will get on all right."

I have gone into these details at length to make it clear that the idea of a desperate adventure had never crossed our minds. In truth it seems to me that if we were on the whole fortunate, we were not foolhardy nor, properly speaking, rash. I do not say this for the benefit of experienced climbers, but rather, if I may be pardoned for the expression, for the profane. I would wish to assure the latter that mountaineering proper is not necessarily rashness, but is entirely a question of prudence and of a little courage, of strength and steadiness, of a feeling for nature and her most hidden beauties, which are often awe-inspiring, and for that reason the more sublime and the more suggestive to a contemplative spirit.

We stopped at Macugnaga long enough to refresh ourselves and to pay a brief visit to the solitary and charming little church, and a briefer one to its pastor, whose cordial hospitality we are surely not the first to record. Let this simple mention thank him also for the almost fraternal anxiety with which, armed with his field-glasses, he followed with his eyes a good part of our long ascent.

A little before noon we began the climb to the Marinelli Hut, where, after being greeted on the way by a herd of chamois, we arrived about seven in the evening, without

Mountaineering

any other discomfort than that of a mortal drowsiness, which assailed the writer in the course of the climb, and against which, if the excellent arguments of Gadin had no effect, a few drops of ammonia had. I was not surprised by this phenomenon, which is not unusual while climbing. The sufficient reason was the sudden rise from the plain of Milan to this height of almost 10,000 feet. But, from personal experience, I had full belief in the final effect of climbing on my organism, and I can say such faith was largely realized. At the hut the first contretemps, inconvenient but not serious, befell us. We found it only half closed and full of snow. It may be imagined how we felt, longing as we were for a little warmth. But thanks to a wise division of labour we were able to put the intruder out and make ourselves masters of the place. Melted snow and Liebig's Extract of Beef furnished not the only, but the useful, part of our supper, while one or other of us kept going out to consult the weather or to enjoy the glorious view which the evening presented from this height. There was solemn silence, an unending vivid sparkling of stars above the deep blue velvet of the sky, the enormous masses of the vast summits towering against it with their gigantic shadows on the white expanse of snow and ice.

A little before eleven we stretched ourselves on the bare boards that were our bed and went to sleep. Our slumber was more brief than we could have wished, for Gadin, as agreed, waked us about one o'clock and in a few minutes our little company was on foot. Not one avalanche had disturbed our short repose, and the cold and fine weather still continued; then, forward. To save ourselves from the possibility, I will not say risk, of avalanches, we had decided to cross the Marinelli *coulair* by night, so that even in case of a difficult crossing we should have made it before the sun rose to disturb the snow and ice which lie above.

After refreshing ourselves with a little Liebig and warm wine, and carefully extinguishing the fire and closing the hut door firmly, we took to the rope. Gadin

Mountaineering

tied himself first with great care, then I, and after me Proment, and last Prof. Grasselli, and in this order we continued during the climb. Proment carried one lamp and Gadin another until we reached the rocks. A short climb above the hut found us on the edge of the famous *couloir*. We had planned to cross it diagonally, always tending upwards, nor did it seem as though it would be difficult to gain the rocks of the Imsengrücken which loomed up before us. Gadin handed me the lamp, and after him we all struck out on the snow. Bad luck! Under a thin crust we sank in up to our knees. It seemed to Gadin after careful examination that this was a purely local accumulation due to a recent small avalanche, and this turned out to be the case. We had to go down further to seek better going, and our diagonal crossing was thus enormously lengthened. When we got down we found the snow not only solid but extremely hard. This was another misfortune, especially for Gadin, who had not expected to begin cutting steps so early. Poor Gadin! When I think what hard labour he endured, for almost the whole of that day, without ever wishing to let another take his place, I still feel amazed at his steadiness and at his muscles of steel.

Another unwelcome discovery soon followed. The great *couloir* was composed of an endless number of smaller ones which enormously multiplied its surface and our difficulties. I find no mention of this detail in any account of previous ascents, and perhaps the absence of this circumstance and of similar ones I noted explains how others crossed the *couloir* in much less time than we did. We were continually obliged to go up in order to go down, and to go down in order to go up, gaining very little ground on the whole breadth of the *couloir*, the lamps almost always hidden behind the ridges dividing the different *coulours*. Very often we heard Gadin's tranquil voice: "*Prenez garde, messieurs, c'est un mauvais pas.*" Gadin, who spoke his Italian well and held his own even in English, in difficult moments seemed to prefer a kind of French of his own, like many in the Aosta Valley.

Mountaineering

Meanwhile our eyes were instinctively raised and lowered along the steep *couloir*, to fix themselves hungrily at last on the rocks of the Imsengrücken. After a good hour and a half of hard going we still seemed to be in the middle of the *couloir* and at an insuperable distance from the rocks, like the shipwrecked sailor so fitly described in Dante's well-known lines.

A rest of fifteen minutes and something to drink, whether coffee or wine I cannot say, and then we began to climb as straight up as we could on the rocks which end in forming a narrow ridge between the *couloir* and the upper glacier. It wouldn't have mattered so much if the rocky ridge had been continuous. A ridge of good rock as this was, however steep it may be, always presents firm and relatively easy footholds. The trouble was that at a few yards from the edge of the glacier the ridge abruptly ended in a gulley whose sides were as steep as they were smooth. This might perhaps have proved an insurmountable difficulty if it had not been for a little ridge of snow which rose gently and easily from the base of the precipice and joined the rock to the glacier. It was not the best of crossings, but there was no other, and the snow wall, though thin, was almost as firm and solid as ice. Its length was equal to that of the rope between two of us which is the limit of safety. "*Tenez-moi la corde, monsieur,*" said Gadin, making up his mind after a short consultation. And while I and the others, planted firmly on rock, followed him with our eyes, our hands on the rope ready to help, he crossed up with enviable self-possession and in perfect safety and took up his position on the glacier. What was difficult enough for the leader was not so bad for the others, and we all went ahead without other incident than the writer being ordered to halt for a minute or two in the middle of the acrobatic crossing by Gadin, who wished to find firmer footing on the glacier. The moment must have appeared most serious in the judgment of our gallant guide, as (finding the unwelcome halt was prolonged) I asked him if I might go ahead. "*Monsieur,*" he replied, without turn-

Mountaineering

ing, "*je vous en prie, ne parlez pas ; cela me dérange l'esprit.*"

When we had all crossed, we began to advance on the glacier, for some time steering to the left and climbing between the Zumstein Spitze and the Dufour Spitze, then to the right towards the rocks of the final peak. . . . The ice was in as perfect condition as one could desire, firm and continuous, but was, unfortunately, covered by a layer of snow, which was not old or hard enough to bear us, and required the cutting of steps in the actual ice, which added much to our fatigue. Partly for this reason and partly because of the steepness of the ice walls our progress was slow, but we kept steadily ascending, though in long zig-zags. After several hours of silent and weary work, we stopped at a short distance from the *bergschlund* in the shadow of a massive wall of the pure ice, which jutted out over us like a crystal pavilion. Numerous icicles hung from its extreme edge like a fringe of enormous diamonds. For the first time since we had left the hut we looked at our watches and found it was about one o'clock. We had been going for the greater part of twelve hours with practically no stop except at the Imsengrücken. We had won the right to a little rest, so we sat down on the snow to contemplate the sublimity of nature, refreshing ourselves with Suchard chocolate, which was then and later a real providence for us : not that we lacked other graces from God, but our stomachs did not seem disposed to require them. The Dufour rocks seemed very near, but this was an optical illusion. I have no record of having looked at the aneroid we had with us, due probably to the clearness of the air. Everything is on a great scale at that height, the mountains grouped round, the distances that separate them, the general lines of the landscape and its details. But for this very reason the grandeur of the details is lost in the general harmony. This may be noted in the great works of human art. The climber who has seen St. Peter's and the Bernini portico, so colossal and so gracefully harmonious, so easy to gather up in the magnificent sim-

Mountaineering

plicity of a glance in spite of the variety of detail, knows that even in this particular it is in the imitation of nature that our art is most strictly related to that of God, first artificer of every lovely thing. But who of us had a head for such matters? What was certain was that in a couple of hours we should reach the summit, and the same evening (what matter at what hour) we should sleep on our laurels, or in other words, on the soft beds of the Riffel, with its comforts made doubly precious.

Again the snow which in the Marinelli *couloir* and on the glacier had so effectually hindered our progress was about to serve us badly and in an even worse degree. We set out with renewed vigour, taking a route which, while not the shortest, had not the disadvantage of being dominated by masses of ice which at that hour feel the full effects of the sun and discharge their avalanches. We were obliged to scale an ice wall which rose perpendicularly on our left. It took a good half-hour to overcome a height of several yards, using every assistance from hands and feet. This passage overcome, only a snowy slope not too steep separated us from the rocks. We started out on it, when to our amazement the rocks seemed to get further away as we went towards them, and the last peak rose higher and steeper than before. Illusion gave way to reality, and the reality was that a long distance remained to climb before reaching the summit. Then the snow became increasingly soft and yielding, so that very soon we were no longer walking but most painfully rolling along. Gadin confided to me later that at this point he almost gave up hope of reaching the summit that day, and he had looked out for shelter for the night on the first rocks, though, as turned out best, he said nothing at the time. At last we touched *terra firma*—we were on the rocks! The nearness of fear sharpens desire. The sun distinctly setting showed us that we had not a moment to lose. What of rest and what of the night? . . . We attacked the rocks of the ridge rising above the Imsen-grücken. It is easier to imagine than to tell how we struggled on the bare slate and masses of reddish gneiss

Mountaineering

that form the summit. At one point I heard my companion cry out, and turning I saw his ice-axe fly like an arrow down the rocks to the nearest snow field. What was to be done? We could not even attempt to find it, and all that evening and the following morning Prof. Grasselli had to have his hands on ice and in snow, and got them so frost-bitten that they did not recover for months. The almost conquered giant was taking his revenge. A little later the wind blew so hard that the Professor's hat was blown off (evidently Monte Rosa had an unenviable preference for him), followed almost immediately by mine and Proment's. Gadin's was reserved for the ire of the Matterhorn. But our efforts were finally rewarded, and it must have been at half-past seven that we found ourselves on the Ostspitze, the highest summit of Monte Rosa. I shall not waste a word in describing what we saw and felt in that unforgettable moment. To the experienced the memory of such moments speaks with its own incomparable eloquence. To others no words would suffice or appear credible.

We were on the Ostspitze, but we could not remain long. Pursued by the wind, which was unbearable at the height and by the advance of night, we soon descended to a ledge of rock some hundred feet below the summit, bare of snow, and there settled ourselves as well as we could. It was half-past eight, and the aneroid showed 15,300 feet above sea level. The spot we were on was not a comfortable one for those who had passed such a day as ours, and could certainly not compete with the beds and comforts of the Riffel. It was, however, quite safe for anyone who could feel safe about himself, although extremely narrow. It was impossible to take a step in any direction. When we sat down our feet were hanging over space. We were able to exercise them, however, taking care not to lose our balance. And there was great need of these elementary gymnastics. The cold was intense. Without being able exactly to determine the degree, I remember that our coffee and wine were completely frozen, and our eggs not only undrinkable but

Mountaineering

uneatable. We had recourse to the chocolate again and to some excellent kirsch. In such conditions of temperature and place it would have been most imprudent to give way to sleep. But who wanted to sleep in that pure air which penetrates every fibre in us, and with such a magnificent scene before us! At that height, in the midst of that grandest of grand alpine theatres, in that pure and transparent air, under that dark sapphire sky, lighted by a thread of a moon and as far as the eye could reach all brilliant with stars in that silence—no, I will not try to describe the indescribable. Both Prof. Grasselli and I are firmly persuaded that it will hardly be given us again to see so magnificent a natural spectacle. We felt we were in the presence of a new and marvellous revelation of the omnipotence and majesty of God. How could we complain of the fatigues we had endured, how could we even think of them? Many climbers must have experienced in themselves, as we did then, the profound truth of the line,

“ Del mondo consacrò Jeova le cime ! ”

While we were lost in meditation the great silence was broken by a rumbling like tremendous thunder. It was an avalanche which detached itself beneath us, but at too great distance to disturb us, and began to move. Shaken and deafened, we followed the formidable ruin with our ears, unable to do so with our eyes, as, ever growing, it fell just as Dante said, with

“ Un fracasso d'un suon pien di spavento, ”

until it was stopped on the lower glacier. When silence returned, it seemed to us even more profound and solemn.

In contemplation and in exchanging a few fleeting words of wonder, we spent that marvellous night which none of us will ever forget. We were permitted also to enjoy from these heights the ever beautiful spectacle of the dawn of a perfect day, the first spreading of daylight, the east decking itself in loveliest colours, and the sun sparkling from peak to peak, its rays extending like a mantle of fire over a thousand summits, and in its descent over the

Mountaineering

slopes of ice and snow working miracles of splendour and of colour. An artist would have gone mad. For us it was time to move and climb to the ridge.

The evening before we had formed a good idea of the difficulties which we had yet to overcome. For speed and security we left all our small baggage, carrying with us only the ice axes and the rope. It was about 4.45 or 5 o'clock when we abandoned our perch, and, half-frozen as we were, it took us a good half-hour to climb again to the Ostspitze. This is joined to the Dufour Spitze by a narrow ridge formed of frozen snow and slabs of gneiss, interrupted here and there by projecting masses. Resting our feet now on the Italian side and now on the Swiss, sometimes literally straddling the ridge, finally cautiously traversing a projection and crossing a narrow and very steep *coulair* descending to the Swiss side, we finally found ourselves on the rocky point of the Dufour Spitze. It was eight-twenty. Here the altitude is only exceeded by that of Mont Blanc, and that by only 560 feet.

The weather remained fine and the air clear, but the cold and the wind also continued. We took a little chocolate instead of the traditional champagne, and we left an account of our entirely Italian ascent in a bottle which we found among the rocks, and then considered our descent. Traces of the last party who had climbed from Zermatt were still visible, and showed us the way generally followed on the Swiss side. We were tempted to take it in order not to have to climb to the ridge again, which would have been difficult. But it seemed better to return to our bivouac and take up our few traps and attempt to find the ice axe, whose loss my companion felt greatly. So we were again on the Ostspitze and at our bivouac, crossed the ridge again, took up our sacks and got down by the rocks to about the height of Zumstein Sattel. Our men failing in the attempt to recover the lost ice axe, we took to the Col itself at a point about midway between the Dufour Spitze and the Zumstein Spitze. We arrived about 1 p.m. Down below was the Grenzgletscher, but a large crevasse which separated it from a rock belt ran all around

Mountaineering

it as far as the eye could see, and beyond these rocks one of the steepest snow slopes I have ever seen. Many climbers have seen that wall at close quarters, and some have traversed it in climbing the Dufour Spitze by the south-west slope. The strong and bitter-cold wind did not permit us to stand long considering. I was curious to see how Gadin would take us out of the difficulty. "*Faites comme moi, monsieur*," he said, and I saw that, with face turned to the wall, he began to descend backwards, making large holes in the snow with hands and feet, taking particular care to drive in his ice axe as far as possible. And down we went, I do not know in what time, but it seemed a very long time to me. With great difficulty, keeping somewhat to the left, where it seemed easiest to approach the glacier, we crossed the belt of rocks. Only the *bergschrand* remained to be crossed, from which we were separated by an overhanging slope of good snow. With time and patience we might have found a spot where the *bergschrand* narrowed, or was crossed by a solid bridge. Gadin proposed a more expeditious and as safe a method. He first, then the rest of us, moving one at a time, each taking the length of the rope, while the others stood ready to hold him if necessary, we sat down on the overhanging slope over the *bergschrand*. Sliding at first, then flying over the *bergschrand* itself, we found ourselves plunged in the soft snow which covered to a considerable depth the glacier beneath. Thus in a few minutes we made an amount of progress which might have taken us some good hours. Having reached the glacier, we felt like those who set their feet on a broad high road, after leaving a rough and dangerous path. Continuing our descent, we crossed the rocks of the Dufour Spitze on the Italian side and crossed the col which opens between the Dufour Spitze and the Zumstein Spitze. If this were not so difficult, it would be a natural route between the Monte Rosa glacier on the Italian side and the Grenzletscher on the Swiss side.

What we did may have some importance in the Alpine history of Monte Rosa, for we had made the *first crossing*

Mountaineering

of the *Zumstein Sattel*, perhaps the second highest col in the Alps. I believe there can be no doubt as to the priority of our descent by the rocks of the Dufour Spitze. From what I know and have been able to verify in Alpine publications it would appear that this col was not only never previously crossed, but not even reached from the direction of Macugnaga, and had only three times been reached from the Zermatt side, and each time by parties of English climbers.

The Grenzgletscher descends for a long distance in great terraces, like a gigantic staircase, peaks flanked by a balustrade of snow, here and there broken by vast black rocks. A real desert of snow. I remember how the lines of Salmini came to my mind:

*"Neve, neve, sempre neve,
Fredda, muta, fitta, lieve . . .
Una bianca vertigine."*

Lower down, the glacier has the aspect and the form of a majestic river with great sweeps in it, flowing into the vast basin of the Gorner, where the ten glaciers descending from the Weisssthor, the Nordend, the Dufour Spitze, the Zwillinge, the Schwarzthor, the Breithorn, the Kleines Matterhorn, and from the Theodule have their imposing meeting. In that immensity of dead nature, we seemed to disappear, to lose ourselves. And the best of it was that if we did not lose ourselves, we lost our way.

We knew well the paths on the Riffel Horn and the Gornergrat that lead to the Riffel Hotel, and Gadin knew them; but either his memory betrayed him, or in the strangeness of the place his eyes, half-blinded by the reflection of the snow, found a path where there was not one. We went on, taking the precautions usual on crossing a glacier, like those who feel themselves nearly home and see no reason for hurrying, stopping at our ease at a spot called Blattje, where we were at last able to satisfy the thirst which for a long time had mercilessly tormented us; a thirst for which it is well known snow is no remedy. Meanwhile the sun passed the meridian, declined, disap-

Mountaineering

peared and no path appeared. We went from one glacier to another, climbing the moraine to examine more closely the rocks of the Riffel Horn ; but no path. Darkness came on and at last night closed in. We lighted our one remaining lamp, but that helped little. Anyone who knows what a great moraine is like, the very image of chaos, can form an idea of our way of getting along. In a word, all search was useless. Two steps from the comfortable beds of the Riffel, we had to resign ourselves to pass the night on the hard stones of the moraine. That was a small matter in comparison with what we had gone through the previous night, and after all we could consider ourselves fortunate. In so many hours, and in such conditions as I have already described, we had met no real peril, no grave accident, no slip of a foot even. If the fortune of the moment was adverse, it was fair and wise to bear it cheerfully. This we did, and having chosen the least inconvenient spot, sheltered from falling stones, as the lamp at last went out we fell peacefully asleep, to the real benefit of our muscles, which were beginning to feel done up.

I think it would probably be an exaggeration to say that we met with any real risks on our expedition. In regard to the real and serious difficulties we did meet with, I fully believe Gadin when he tells me that he has encountered much more serious ones in other ascents. It appears from the accounts of almost all the expeditions that preceded ours that they did encounter real and serious danger; and it seems to me that the mountain or the air, or both, must have been in very different conditions from those we experienced.

We were awakened from a deep sleep by Gadin's voice announcing that Proment had found the path a little above where we were, and that we ought to reach it immediately. We did not need to be told twice; we ascended the glacier and were soon at the Riffelberg. It was high time: Gadin could no longer use his eyes. At the Riffel we had the benefit of a regular deluge of fresh milk, to the astonishment of those there. The explana-

Mountaineering

tion of this was that notice of our ascent had reached Zermatt, together with our luggage from Macugnaga. The manager of the Post Hotel there, not seeing us appear, had telegraphed to the Riffel, asking after us. We were therefore obliged to go down to Zermatt as quickly as possible, leaving Gadin to attend to his eyes and join us at his leisure. I fulfil a grateful duty in thanking, both in the name of Professor Grasselli and of Gadin, the hotel staff and the guests, but especially an English gentleman, whose name, I am sorry to say, is unknown to me, for the courteous care which they gave to our guide. He needed and deserved it. It is only right to insert here a word to express in some fashion Professor Grasselli's satisfaction and mine, for what Gadin did in this ascent, and especially on July 30th. I can only repeat the words that a famous climber, Edward Whymper, wrote long ago of M. Croz, one of the bravest of Alpine guides (*Scrambles among the Alps*, E. Whymper): "Could he have performed the feat upon the boards of a theatre that he did on this occasion, he would have brought down the house with thunders of applause." . . . Proment also gave us entire satisfaction.

I had finished writing this account when certain foreign publications were brought to my notice, in which the difficulties and dangers of the ascent of Monte Rosa from the Macugnaga side are especially discussed. The names of well-known English and German climbers figure in the discussion. We are as glad to read these discussions now as we are that we did not know of them before our ascent. One's judgment of the conditions of atmosphere and place on which the ascent itself must depend can be calm and objective only when the mind is not preoccupied. All things considered, in ascents of this kind I admit that it is not easy to acquire previous certitude. I also admit that it is specially difficult as regards the eastern slope of Monte Rosa. It is entirely the merit of Gadin to have foreseen in our case and clearly divined the actual conditions of the moment. This

Mountaineering

intuition, which I should call that of the *hic et nunc* (differing from general principles), which only experience can furnish, is one of the most valuable and necessary gifts in a guide. I never saw it developed to so high a degree as in Gadin; I was therefore not surprised to read of the ascent of Mont Blanc by a new route, which he and the guide Petigax accomplished a few days after ours.

It has been my intention to give an account, if possible exact, certainly conscientious, of a particular and concrete case; not to establish general rules. Far be it from me to give other or greater importance to our ascent than a relative or affectionate one, such as may be attributed to amateur climbers: grateful to God for having conceded to me the possibility of admiring close at hand beauties certainly amongst the greatest and most imposing of this visible world which He has created; glad if we have been able to fill certain perceptible gaps in the chronicles of the Italian Alpine Club. I wish that others may have such a concurrence of favourable circumstances as will procure for them a similar or greater satisfaction, not only with the same safety, but, as I believe to be possible, with less inconvenience and difficulty. Difficulties and inconveniences faced with the caution necessary pass, leaving mind and body refreshed; and an indelible memory of those great and marvellous spectacles, "which I myself am exalted by beholding."*

* "*Chè di vederli in me stesso m'esalto.*"—Dante, *Inferno*.

THE RELIGION OF PREHISTORIC MAN*

PREHISTORIC archæology has, in common with other sciences, and perhaps in even greater measure, made enormous strides in the past half-century. It might almost be said that it has become a science, and ceased to be the prancing-ground of ill-instructed theory-spinners, who, from another branch of Anthropology, namely Folk-lore, are being slowly dislodged to seek a refuge, perhaps in Occultism. Even so, it may seem almost impossible to come to any definite conclusions as to the religious beliefs of persons who lived so many thousands of years ago, and our knowledge of whom is solely based upon their somewhat scanty bodily remains, and the implements and works of art which have been the subject of study for the past half-century. Amongst the relics, none are more astonishing or more informing than these works of art.

At what period did these people live? It is a hard question to answer, and almost anything that is said about it can be little more than guess-work. Some authorities deal in hundreds of thousands of years, basing their guess apparently more on the supposed necessity for allowing time for man's development from some anthropoid ancestor by slow accumulation of variations, an unproved hypothesis, since even the question of small variation *versus* mutation is still in the balance and is likely to remain there. The more sober scholars deal only in tens of thousands of years, thinking that some twenty to forty thousand is time enough to account for all the relics, and the stratifications to which the relics belong. Suffice it here to say that the period in question was an early one in the history of mankind; and there let us leave it. We can learn or surmise something about these

*Spearing, *The Childhood of Art*, 1912; Parkyn, *An Introduction to the Study of Prehistoric Art*, 1915; Burkitt, *Prehistory*, 1921; Mainage, *Les Religions de la Préhistoire*, 1921—to this learned work, by the Professor of the History of Religion in the Institut Catholique de Paris, the writer is largely indebted in the present article.

Religion of Prehistoric Man

peoples from their implements, but such knowledge would be greatly restricted were it impossible to compare these implements with those made in quite recent times, or perhaps even now being made by the primitive races. The men of those distant ages were the primitives of their day, and, since their needs and most probably their ideas ran along similar or even identical lines, we can learn much about the former by studying the latter. Of course there are pitfalls to be avoided in this comparative method of study; traps which have captured many a sturdy investigator; but we have learnt now what these are, and so can avoid them. In the first place, it is illegitimate to conclude that because a custom is prevalent amongst modern primitives, *therefore* it must also have been so amongst the ancients. What we may call documentary evidence is necessary to support the conclusion. Thus we have certain burial customs prevalent amongst both classes of primitives. We know what the present man means by them. We may fairly conclude that his predecessor thought the same, no other valid explanation being forthcoming.

Secondly, even with documentary evidence, we should be careful not to attempt to explain it by modern instances of merely local occurrence. The custom should be as widespread as the burial custom just mentioned, if we are to accept it for our purpose. An eminent writer once tried to explain the Touching for the King's Evil (traceable back to St. Edward, King and Confessor, in England, and to St. Louis in France) by the system of *tabu* known in the South Sea Islands, an explanation on too narrow a basis, to say nothing of its other defects. Thirdly, their social reactions have affected the religions of recent primitives, such as the aborigines of Australia with their *intichiuma* ceremonies: it is fair to conclude that similar influences may have had their effect on the early races. Finally, it seems to be a safe rule to conclude that the more widespread any idea or custom is, the more ancient it is likely to be. These are common-sense rules, and, if we keep them

Religion of Prehistoric Man

before us when reading any of the numerous books, some of them purely fanciful, on the origins of religion, we shall be able to detect and avoid many fallacies.

The first mistake we must avoid is that of supposing that any information at our disposal to-day in any way proves how religion arose. Was it by a Primitive Revelation? Science certainly cannot say that it was not, nor, obviously, that it was. Of course, there are a number of explanations as to how religion arose, all of which break down when tested by such facts as we have at our disposal. Tylor, for example, whose theory had much vogue, taught that man was led to postulate a soul by such experiences as dreams, fainting-fits, catalepsies, and, finally, by death. This idea man extended also not only to animals, but even to inert objects. Through it he arrived at the idea of a future life and of the worship of ancestors. From this developed a further idea, that of exalted spirits—Jupiter, Neptune and the rest—presiding over natural objects like the sky or sea. Finally, as a co-ordinating factor, monotheism came into existence with the idea of a Supreme Being. Durkheim, to take another example, attributed the idea to a growing recognition of society, and its need for a leader. And of course there are other views. Years ago, Andrew Lang, who, although he was accustomed to describe himself as “a bellettristic trifler,” was really a very deeply read and acute minded anthropologist, when supporting the view of primary monotheism also urged that there was then, and always would be, no sufficient evidence to form an unassailable theory as to the origin of religion. The fact is, that all these theories suffer from this original and fatal vice—they assume a primary period of atheism which is flat contrary to all the evidence. In fact, scientific anthropologists are coming back to the belief in the primary monotheism they so long scouted. Professor Swanton, for example, when delivering the Presidential Address a few years ago to the American Anthropological Association, and dealing with theories long held but now to be abandoned (such as group marriage instead of

Religion of Prehistoric Man

primitive monogamy which seems to have been the rule), added the statement: "Even in the case of our regnant monotheism, it is a fair question whether it does not tie on to the belief in a sky-god extending back to the earliest days of religion among men, the only change which it has undergone being the relatively greater importance and deeper spiritualization of the concept in later times."

If we cannot say how religion began, as seems pretty certain, can we say anything as to what its tenets or content may have been in those early days? Let us approach the subject by considering the burial customs, since on that point there is no room for difference of opinion. From the earliest true interments known to us, those at Chapelle aux Saintes in France (and that is quite far back in the Palæolithic Age) down to the end of the Prehistoric Period (and of course later) there is no doubt as to the custom of burying, with the dead, their implements, or food or other articles. This widespread custom amongst all primitive races indicated a belief in the survival of the active principle of the individual, the soul as we call it; and, further, of its survival in a world essentially such as a man had inhabited when alive. The dog can always find its way home; but the little child is apt to stray from the right path. Bury a dog with a child, and the dog may be supposed to lead the child safely to the Land of Souls. The custom belongs to both modern and ancient primitives; and it can hardly be doubted that the *raison d'être* in the first case is that in the other. The Scythian was a great horseman; his chieftain was buried with a squadron of horses and men slain for the occasion. The Northman was a sailor, and his leader was buried in a *cyula*, or long ship, with its crew of fighting men to wage war with him in the other world. The dead Roman has the obolus for Charon between his lips. And the Mousterian man of the Chappelle aux Saintes has his flint implements, his food and his red pigment, so that he may paint himself and make a respectable appearance in the Kingdom of the Dead. "It is almost with a shock of surprise," says

Religion of Prehistoric Man

Professor Sollas (in *Ancient Hunters*), "that we discover this well-known custom, and all that it implies, already in existence during the last episode of the Great Ice Age." So far, we are on perfectly firm and agreed ground. Can we go further and say that prehistoric man, besides believing in a future life, had also a cult of the dead, either in the shape of real or mythical ancestors? Let us be careful at the outset to ask ourselves whether there is any real distinction between these two; whether there is not always a real person, far back perhaps, behind the mythical hero, and obscured from our vision by the concretion of tales which have collected around him? The only reply so far to be made to this inquiry is that there is no evidence to show that prehistoric man indulged in any such cult. There is no documentary evidence; nor does the ethnological evidence lend any support to such a theory, for it does not seem to belong to the oldest stratum of belief. The aborigines of Australia were, when first explored, and probably still are, the most primitive people whose customs and life have been studied with care and completeness. There are three divisions of these, of which the most ancient seem to be the southerners, and these have no cult of the dead. So far as it goes, this evidence is entirely opposed to Tylor's theory already outlined.

So much for the evidence, and it is of the first importance, which we can derive from burial customs. It is now time to consider the works of art remaining to us from that remote period. These fall into various categories. There are figurines, rude in workmanship, of nude females recalling the peculiar physical conformation of the Hottentot race. There are other carvings, in full round or high relief, often adorning implements such as the reindeer poignard, the handle of which is a reindeer in full charge. Or, again, there are those curious carved horns and bones, which are often called *bâtons de commandement*, and are supposed to be ceremonial staves, though their real use we cannot do more than guess at. There are almost innumerable scribings on stone, bone,

Religion of Prehistoric Man

and horn, representing animals, fish, and even human beings. The latter are always poorly drawn, though in many cases the drawing of the animals is excellent. In fact when we glance over a collection of prehistoric representations of men and women we are reminded of nothing so much as of the scrawlings of small children attempting to represent their elders. Perhaps this curious difference is partly due to the fact that the "Life" is always a difficult stage of artistic training, and partly to a purely superstitious reluctance to draw the human figure. Further, these human figures are always, or almost always, surmounted by what would appear to be animal heads, anthropoid in some cases, a fact which led to surmises now, in the light of fuller knowledge, dismissed. Lastly, there are the host of really wonderful drawings, paintings, and bas-reliefs, which have been found in caves, and form by far the most remarkable series of archæological discoveries of the past fifty years. The first discovery was made by a little girl who accompanied her father, a Spanish archæologist, to a cavern in Spain which he was investigating. His search was confined to the ground where he was seeking for implements, but at last, in response to his daughter's constant cry of "Toros ! Toros !" he looked up, and lo ! the whole ceiling of the cave was covered with pictures of bison in all sorts of attitudes. As usual, there was a certain amount of scepticism as to this discovery ; but that has passed away in face of the numerous further discoveries made in other caves. The figures are sometimes drawn in black, sometimes in red and other colours—soot, ochre, and the like, having been used as pigments. Sometimes the representations of the animals have been modelled in high relief in clay ; sometimes a suggestive boss or mass of stalagmite has been adapted to form part of a representation of the body of a beast of the period. As to the art displayed, it is not too much to say that the "Charging Boar," and many of the figures of bison and deer, are executed with a skill which most of us can only envy from a distance, and which would do no discredit to a pro-

Religion of Prehistoric Man

fessional artist of to-day. It is even clear that there must have been what we may perhaps call Schools of Art ; for the conventionalizing of objects, such as the hand, cannot have come to pass without something of the nature of teaching. The most remarkable feature has been left for the last, namely, the situation of these drawings. If they had been intended purely for decorative purposes and to relieve the gloomy monotony of the caverns which were habitations, we should of course find them in such parts as were best supplied with light, and in which the cave-dwellers mostly abode. But this is contrary to the facts ; for the pictures are generally in the darkest and most inaccessible parts of the caves, in places sometimes dangerous to reach. This sets us on the track of the solution of the problem of these pictures. Many other primitives besides those of the early Stone Age have made drawings, often quite similar to theirs, and fortunately we know their object in executing them. Nomad, primitive man is always more or less in danger of perishing by hunger. His meals depend on his success in the chase. We need not labour the dreadful alternative to success ; it is easy to imagine ; and those whose imagination works slowly will find harrowing accounts in the recitals of many travellers.

It is a widespread idea that, if one can secure a picture of a man, one has him in one's power. In some sense the picture is the man, and, if it is injured, the man suffers. The wax figures melted before the fire, or transfixed with a pin, by mediæval sorcerers, and the *corp craidhe* of Gaelic folk-lore, belong to this superstition. It is transferable and transferred to animals, and so, if one makes figures of animals and especially if one performs magic rites in connection with these figures, then the animal is in one's power and " good hunting " may be anticipated. Hence the dark, inaccessible parts of the caverns were the domestic chapels of the day ; and there, we may suppose, the magic rites were performed which were to supply the tribe to whom the cave belonged with unlimited bison or reindeer-meat. No doubt these rites were performed

Religion of Prehistoric Man

by men set aside for the purpose ; in other words there was a priestly caste, and its members were the teachers in the Schools of Art in which the neophytes were taught to represent the animals of the chase, as well as the proper rites with which to ensure their capture or destruction. Amongst these, no doubt, were ceremonial dances like the bison-dance of the North American Indians and similar sacred ceremonies of many another race. The Indians had their animal masks, which may be seen in all important museums ; and here we come to the explanation of the curious heads surmounting the figures of human beings. They are the animal masks of the period. M. Mainage figures (for the first time, I think) a human being with the horns of a reindeer on his head, and its tail affixed to his girdle behind. He might be an Indian Medicine Man making "big medicine," and, whatever he called it, that is precisely what he was doing. The net result of an examination of the various and numerous works of art is to present us with a system of magic of a kind with which ethnologists have been familiar for centuries ; in fact, since travellers first began to narrate the doings of primitive peoples. Let us make it quite clear that we are not withdrawing from these early men the sense of æsthetic emotion : that is too prevalent and too ingrained in the human species not to have been present at that period. But it was not the primary impulse. The mediæval carver who executed the miracles in stone which one finds, for example, in the ambulatory to the Chapter House at Southwell, took a delight in his work for art's sake ; who can doubt it ? But his primary object was a religious one, and so was that of the palæolithic man. Thus, in a sense, even then Art was the handmaid of Religion. Religion ! But surely it was Magic, and that is not religion ? Let us look a little closely at this point. No doubt whatever that the palæolithic art was in large measure in the service of magic. Was magic, then, the parent of religion ? It is the favourite theory with some. But such an explanation fails, because it is putting the cart before the horse. It entails, like other theories we

Religion of Prehistoric Man

have discussed, a primitive atheism, which does not fit in with the facts. Magic is mixed up with religion, for it is a disease of religion in perhaps all primitive societies, but it is not its parent. M. Mainage puts the matter well when he says, "*L'horizon de la magie est toujours débordé par l'horizon plus vaste de la vie religieuse.*" It was the same in mediæval times, when even at least outwardly devout persons had their doings with sorcerers for the promotion of their private ends. We will return to this matter ; but let us first of all dismiss another question.

This naturalistic art, was it Totemistic ? Was there a Totemistic strain in the religion of the period ? We may give a decisive negative. Without attempting to grapple with the vast subject of Totemism, there is, at least, this one point about it as to which there can be no cavil : the totem is a personal object, personal to the individual or personal to the tribe. It is *his* crest or *their* badge and standard. Hence we should expect (and amongst modern primitives find) that the totem was rigidly limited to the person or tribe who owned it. We should no more expect to find a generally disseminated totem, or totems, than we should expect to find the lion and unicorn over buildings in the United States or the double-headed eagle flaunting itself over French Mairies. An examination of the animal figures in relation to place of discovery shows that there is no such segregation in palæolithic times, and disposes of the totemistic idea.

Let us now return to magic as a disease of religion. Andrew Lang laid it down years ago that monotheism was subject to three debasing influences or diseases. The first of these he called Animism. It is a most unfortunate term, as it has been applied to more than one set of considerations. Lang thought of it under three aspects. First of all there was the attribution to spirits of an exclusive power over objects submitted to their influence ; secondly, there was the cult of ancestors ; and finally magic, namely, not an *appeal* to these powerful spirits to help in need, but an attempt to *compel* and *coerce* them to do so by means of spells. As to the second of these two,

Religion of Prehistoric Man

we have seen that it may be dismissed. But the other two forms seem clearly indicated in the case of the early primitives, and it is easy to see how they may have sprung from the social conditions of the moment, from the urgent need for food, and for good hunting to supply it.

The other two diseases of religion may rapidly be dismissed. Astral influences, so potent with many primitive races, do not seem to have touched palæolithic man. As to the vicissitudes of politics, whereby a victorious people has often taken over and, so to speak, subjugated to his own the deities of another and conquered race, we have, perhaps necessarily, no kind of evidence that any such thing happened in the early days of man, though, of course, we have none to show that it did not take place.

Lastly, we may ask whether, without undue rashness, we may draw any further conclusions, as to the religious views of the peoples we have been dealing with, from those of the primitives of to-day or of yesterday? It is a thorny subject, for very different opinions have been held as to what exactly are the beliefs even of the recent peoples alluded to. It must never be forgotten that these peoples are wholly unacquainted with psychology and probably have never thought out their beliefs. Nor, if they had, would they be capable of explaining them to persons of a different speech and a wholly different mode of thought. Nor, again, is it at all clear that they would always be willing, if able, to tell their sacred secrets to any casual inquirer, and this for many obvious reasons, notably for fear of ridicule. Hence, one must always examine with great care the statements put before us in ethnological works. I remember once reading in such a work, in which there was no religious bias observable, the statement that *every* person ordained a priest in the Catholic Church took a new name. Where so easily ascertainable a fact as this can be thus distorted, one's suspicions as to the tales about far-off people become seriously aroused. There is no body of men in the past or to-day which has had such opportunities of acquiring information on such subjects as Catholic missionaries, and

Religion of Prehistoric Man

that admirable ethnological journal, *Anthropos*, exists largely to collect their valuable observations. Its editor is Dr. Schmidt, a recognized authority in ethnology ; and his book, *L'Origine de l'Idée de Dieu*, is a classic on that subject. M. Mainage, another first-rate authority, summarizes his colleague's views and comes to the conclusion, as others have done, that monotheism is the primitive form of religion amongst all primitive races, and that we may say of the Supreme Being of such races, as both of these authors have said: "*Dieu n'est pas seulement Créateur : Il surveille et rétribue les actes des hommes, et c'est pourquoi dans l'immense majorité des cas, les lois ethniques sont référées formellement à l'Etre Suprême.*" It is at least legitimate for us to conjecture, though we can never hope to prove it to demonstration, that such were also the views of the early people with whom we have dealt.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

WAS CHARLES *the* FIRST A MARTYR ?

IMMEDIATELY after his death, and long afterwards, Royalists regarded Charles I as a martyr for the Church of England. At the Restoration a penitential service on his death-day, January 30th, was instituted, and this remained in official Prayer Books until well into the Nineteenth Century. During the reign of Charles II, though in no other, three or four new-built churches were dedicated to "King Charles the Martyr." One of them, delightfully characteristic of the architecture of that time, and redolent of bygone beaux and belles, stands near the healing spring at the end of the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells. One imagines Thackeray's Baroness Bernstein worshipping there in recognition of the *comme il faut*. After the Whig Revolution of 1689 had cast into the shade the House of Stuart, this cult died slowly away, and in the last century the iconoclast Macaulay swept public opinion down another road. But in late years there has been an Anglican movement in favour of the reinstatement of King Charles in their Calendar as a martyr, though not, strangely enough, in favour of the inclusion of Archbishop Laud. A speaker in, I think, the Church National Assembly last year, said that Charles I was the "only layman who had ever died for the Church of England." That is the question. It may be conceded that Charles I died in the result of defending monarchical power in both civil and ecclesiastical affairs. But did he die a martyr for the Reformed, Protestant, and Episcopal Church of England ?

What makes a martyr ? According to the usual conception, a man is a martyr, whatever the merits of his cause in various minds, who willingly accepts death rather than do or say something which is against his conscience and belief. Those were martyrs who refused to offer incense to deified Roman emperors or other false deities. Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher and others were martyrs,

Was Charles the First a Martyr?

since they might have saved their lives by admitting that King Henry VIII was supreme head of the Church in England. Those unhappily burnt under Mary Tudor were Protestant martyrs because they might have saved their lives by admitting the doctrine of Transubstantiation. The Jesuits and Benedictines and other priests who were put to death in the days of persecution were martyrs because not only did they risk death by coming to or staying in England, but when arrested they could almost always have saved their lives by denying and forsaking the Catholic Church, or by giving evidence against others. It might be rather more difficult to say that, in the days of the "Popish Plot," the Blessed Oliver Plunket and Viscount Stafford were martyrs in the very strictest sense. They died because they were eminent Catholics, chosen for that reason for a false accusation of treason; but they were not given the choice of escaping death by renouncing the Catholic Church.* King Charles was not given directly or formally the choice of saving his life by renouncing the Church of England or surrendering its claims to be the national form of religion. But was his death due to the fact that he belonged to that Church? Or could he indirectly have saved his throne and life by making at any time this renunciation and surrender? That question needs some examination.

The king's serious troubles began when, with Laud's advice, he tried to impose upon the Scottish nation the English form of Church service, that nation being already strongly disaffected towards its modified episcopal government. Hence the part taken against him in the Civil War by the majority of the Scots, or, if not that, by, at any rate, the most vigorous and active part of that people. These Scots, bigoted, self-complacent, and also canny, were not satisfied with the concession, which Charles reluctantly made, of the presbyterian form in Scotland,

* An Italian diplomat, Scrotti, writing to his Government in 1680, said that Lord Stafford was victim to the opinion of possessors of ecclesiastical (monastic) property, of country gentlemen deceived by the Press, Protestant zealots and by politicians "who said that he must die to keep up the reputation of Parliament and to satisfy the people."

Was Charles the First a Martyr?

but wished to impose it upon the English also. They felt, presumably, that there was no security for the Kirk in Scotland, so long as there were bishops left south of the Border supported by royal authority. Therefore when, in 1643, the war in England was going badly for the Parliamentarians, and the English leaders wished to obtain the assistance of a Scottish army, the Scots made it a *sine qua non* condition that Parliament should establish in England a presbyterian system according to their famous Covenant. The House of Commons, or what was left of it in London, was already anti-episcopal and anxious to confiscate the property of bishops and Cathedral Chapters, and readily accepted this condition. But after Marston Moor and Naseby the Scottish and English Presbyterians found, to their surprise, that the victorious English army had been evolving upon lines of religious independence or congregationalism, and was as little inclined to accept a national Church upon presbyterian as upon episcopal lines. So things stood when, in May, 1646, Charles, as a last resource, surrendered himself to the Scottish army in the north of England. He remained in the Scottish camp at Newcastle for eight months, until January 21st, 1647, and during this period negotiations went on between him and the Scottish and English Presbyterians. A learned Scots divine, Alexander Henderson, was at first employed "to heal the prince as a good physician of the predilection which he had for the episcopalian system," but the physician was in vain. The two chief demands made by the English Parliamentarians, in addition to their demand for the base abandonment to their vengeance and land-spoliation of the Irish Catholic Royalists, were that the king should surrender his right to control the militia, and that he should consent to the establishment of the presbyterian church system in England, as well as in Scotland. The king would not do more than concede the militia command for ten years, and continuance of the presbyterian system for three, subject to the result of inquiry, meanwhile, into the truth of things in this respect.

Was Charles the First a Martyr?

At this time the special French envoy, Bellièvre, was playing an active rôle, interviewing the king, the Scots, the English leaders, and intriguing ladies like the Countesses of Carlisle and Devonshire, corresponding with Cardinal Mazarin, enclosing in his dispatches by special courier letters from Charles to his wife at Paris, and reconveying her answers. Henrietta Maria, a strong Catholic, was not able in the least to appreciate her husband's Anglican conscience and position. She could not see much difference between two forms of Protestant schism, the episcopalian and the presbyterian. If her husband could save his Crown by passing from one to the other, why not? She was much more concerned about the betrayal of the Irish Catholics. She thought that the king was conceding far too much as to the militia, and too little as regarded the ecclesiastical form. In a memorandum written (in French) for Bellièvre before he left Paris, she says :

The King has always so far held firmly to not abandoning the bishops, but at present it is necessary (if it is impossible to keep them, and if it is certain that, given this, the Scottish will act in the interest of the King) that this step should be taken boldly and cheerfully (*que ce pas là se franchise gaillardement*), and that his Majesty should declare himself publicly for Presbyterianism as being the only expedient which not only can secure and affirm the Scots, but also kindle discord between the Parliamentary Presbyterians and Independents.

This long and clever Memorandum is much too good to be the queen's own composition, and must have been drafted by able advisers, but no doubt it expresses her sentiments. Cardinal Mazarin also supplied Bellièvre with long and very clearly-drawn written instructions. He agreed with the Queen's policy, but from different motives, because his avowed object was to perpetuate a weak and limited monarchy in England; if possible to keep Scotland a distinct nation; and to avoid, above all things, the foundation of a strong and united Protestant Republic. Domestic dissensions, and evenly balanced authorities in England were then the chance of France

Was Charles the First a Martyr?

in her aim at dominance on the Continent, just as rivalries between evenly balanced continental powers have always been the chance of England, and the means of extending her empire. When the English Republic had been established, Mazarin, a man of aims but no principles, hastened to make what friends he could with it, and so, competing for an alliance, did the rival Government of Catholic Spain, although not so the Protestant Dutch Republic.

Bellièvre, with these instructions, did his best at Newcastle, but he could not prevail with Charles who, he wrote, remained calm and confident and had, to Bellièvre, quite an amazing force "*d'attendre l'évènement de toutes ces choses horribles avec une tranquillité d'âme sans exemple.*"* Charles told him, says Bellièvre, in his dispatch of November 12th, 1646, with regard to the establishment of Presbyterianism, that "no human consideration would make him do that which he believed religion forbade him to do," but that he would be willing to abdicate in favour of the Prince of Wales, who might, he said, showing some knowledge of that youth's character, have an easier conscience, and save the monarchy by, for the time being, throwing overboard the Church. Bellièvre said that this idea might be due to a fit of melancholy. It was not a very brave one and was soon abandoned; besides, the queen and prince refused to adopt it. The king sent to Paris through Bellièvre a memorandum in French dated January 10th, 1647, in which he said that:

The question touching religion is not one between the episcopal and presbyterian forms of government, but one of an entire change of doctrine which, under the pretence of reform, tends to one thing only, the ruin of monarchic power, and for this reason the Scots firmly hold to the Covenant, never having shown since my arrival in their army any intention of serving me, only valuing my person in order the better to make their bargain. At this moment it is very evident that if I had granted Presbyterianism as they demanded, I should have ruined my crowns as well as my conscience, or at the least my honour, in breaking my word.

* The king had the strange idea that his betrayal of Strafford had been expiated by the death of Laud, and that now his affairs would go well.

Was Charles the First a Martyr?

He added that his cause was that of all the monarchs of Christendom, and that he had not lost the hope of restoration through divisions among the rebels, and through the great number of honest people who would declare themselves in his favour when occasion came. Some days later the Scots, thinking that they could get nothing more by keeping their king, handed him over to the English *de facto* Government on payment of £400,000 under title of agreed war-pay, and he was taken to Holmby House.

What would have happened if Charles had consented at Newcastle to accept the presbyterian system for England as well as for Scotland? On his side he would have had the Scottish army, in whose camp he then was, his own royalist adherents, some of whom would have been discontented or alienated by his betrayal of Episcopacy, the bourgeoisie and apprentices of the City of London, the Presbyterian majority in the House of Commons, who were men luke-warm about everything, and were talking politicians, not soldiers. Against him he would have had a strong and determined minority in the House of Commons, men, like Henry Vane and Ludlow, prepared to go any length. Also the Independent English army, by then probably the best in Europe, which in the course of the next four years expelled the Presbyterians from Parliament, suppressed the City of London, smashed the Scottish Presbyterians at Dunbar, defeated the genuine Royalists at Maidstone, Colchester, Pembroke, Preston, and at the "crowning mercy" at Worcester, and finally and completely subjugated all England, Scotland and Ireland. If Charles had made the surrender of ecclesiastical principle, would these events have been in any way different? Would his sole personality and ability have reversed the course of destiny? Would he have saved by that surrender his throne, or, except he escaped to the Continent, his life? His son Charles II, like his maternal grandfather the gay Henri IV, who thought "Paris well worth a Mass," accepted in 1650 the Scottish Covenant, publicly confessed at Edinburgh the

Was Charles the First a Martyr?

idolatry of his mother and perversity against God of his father, and what did he gain by this mendacious surrender? A year later he was a hunted fugitive after the disastrous day of Worcester. If Charles I had consented to the demand made upon him at Newcastle he would have sold his really true Anglican conscience for nothing. The Scottish and English Presbyterians who bargained with him had not "the goods to deliver," as we say now.

On June 2nd, 1647, the king was, not apparently very unwillingly, removed from Holmby House by a troop of Cromwell's horse. The army leaders took this step to prevent him from coming to an agreement with the civilian leaders at Westminster, who were trying to disband the army, and so get rid of the menacing monster of their own creation. In August, Fairfax with some regiments occupied the suburbs of London. Next came the conversations at Hampton Court between the king and Cromwell and others of the army. Oliver Cromwell, like two other revolutionists who "ruined the great work of time, and cast the kingdoms old into another mould," Henry VIII and Lloyd George, was by line of male descent a Welshman.* This Oliver had, perhaps, only one leading principle, namely, that there should be no national church coercing congregations or individual consciences. He could hold his own with any man at a military prayer-meeting, and could talk by the hour without leaving any lucid impression of his meaning, but no doubt was not, as royalists and, later, strong republicans thought, a mere hypocrite, but a sincere believer in his Calvinist creed. The politician, all the same, was strangely mixed with the religionist, as perhaps it must be in men who try to succeed in both spheres at the same time. Cromwell was not even an unmitigated anti-Catholic. In his last years he would have liked to rally English Catholics to his support, and one at least of them, Sir Kenelm Digby, was rather a friend of his. As Pro-

*Cromwell's paternal great-grandfather was a Welshman, Richard Williams, who assumed his mother's name of Cromwell, and signed "Cromwell *alias* Williams." These Williams's came from near Cardiff.

Was Charles the First a Martyr?

tector he was on polite and friendly terms with Cardinal Mazarin. His Eminence obliged the Protector in 1655 by bringing pressure to bear on the Duke of Savoy to stop the persecution of the Vaudois Protestants, which caused great feeling, and, in return, asked Cromwell whether he could not extend some toleration to the sorely oppressed and suppressed Catholics in England. It had not occurred to the Puritans that, if they resented religious persecution in Savoy, they ought not to practise it in these islands. Cromwell replied to this awkward request in a strange and tortuous letter which, in its method, somehow recalls letters by Gladstone. "I may not," he wrote to the Cardinal, "I may not (shall I tell you I cannot?), at this juncture of time, and as the face of my affairs now stands, answer to your call for Toleration." He said that under his government Catholics had suffered less than under the Parliament, quoted Jude's Epistle, said that he had "plucked" many Catholics out of "the raging fire of persecution"; could not make a "public declaration," but purposed "as soon as I can remove impediments, and some weights that press me down, to make a further progress, and discharge my promise to your Eminence in relation to that." So that he had already promised, but could not yet fulfil. No doubt he really was inclined, if he could safely do so, to extend even to "papists" his great principle of freedom of worship according to conscience, although he said the opposite in some of his speeches.

Thus Oliver Cromwell, apart from his one principle of individual and congregational freedom in religion, was a practical politician and an opportunist, guided always by the circumstances and possibilities of the moment. As he said himself: "No man goes so far as the man who does not know where he is going." At the moment of Hampton Court his practical question was how to avoid the disbandment of the army by the civilians in the House of Commons who had legal power over the all-important matter of pay, and, secondly, how to prevent the establishment of a permanent national church on the

Was Charles the First a Martyr?

congregation-controlling Scottish system. His first idea was to use the king for this purpose. Could one, perhaps, restore the royal power with adequate guarantees for the Independents? Against this plan were two things, the character of the king and that of the army. Unluckily for Charles, on more than one occasion his private letters were captured or intercepted. These revelations always showed that, while he was making, or offering to make, public concessions, he was assuring his intimates that he did not intend to honour such concessions when, by means of them, he had recovered power. Charles was fond of talking of politics in the terms of a card-game, and hinting at the cards which he had still in hand. Once he was so imprudent as to talk like this to Major-General Harrison, of all men: "I shall play my game as well as I can," he said to him. "Then your Majesty must allow us to play ours," replied the grim Major-General. Charles believed in "bluff" and "finesse." He still hoped to win back all by dividing his enemies, and making them destroy one another. Cromwell could not feel sure that, if he aided the restoration of royal power, any preceding guarantees as to liberty of conscience would be observed, or, indeed, that his own head would be safe on his shoulders. The chances were much in the opposite direction. Then, again, the army was far more democratic than Cromwell—as he found to his cost later when he wished himself to be king. The "Agitators" elected by the rank and file were already, in 1647, moving against the office and life of the king. It is true, most likely, that as Andrew Marvell (who later, in the office of the Secretary of State, was in political secrets) gloriously says in his Horatian Ode, Cromwell partly frightened, partly encouraged the king into his flight from Hampton Court, in the hope that he would quit the country, a hope frustrated by the rash confidence placed by Edward Ashburnham in Robert Hammond. Then came the confinement in Carisbrooke Castle and, in the summer of 1648, the inroad of royalist Scots crushed at Preston, the risings in Kent, Essex and Wales, the revolt of the fleet in the

Was Charles the First a Martyr?

Downs, the renewed attempt in the autumn of the civilian leaders, now in the most mortal fear of their army, to come to terms, at almost any sacrifice, with Charles, the expulsion early in December by military force of the presbyterian majority from the House of Commons, the trial of the king by an extra-legal High Commission, and his execution.

It was not made an article in the impeachment of Charles that he was a supporter of the episcopal form. He was accused of being a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy. Witnesses were called, to satisfy a lingering legal punctilium, who had seen him in the field riding in arms at Naseby. It would be absurd to suppose that he could then have saved his life by repudiating the Church of England, or by declaring himself an Independent, or by any other means. The soldiers were resolved to take his life. They had thought that the Civil War was ended, yet had been forced that summer to fight for their own lives against a widespread renewal made in his name. They believed that Heaven itself called for his punishment. Blood for blood. The "Agitators" spoke the feeling of the army. Cromwell now let himself go with this strong tide which he could not have controlled, and, when Cromwell had once decided on a course, he was not the man to stop half-way.

Charles I had most attractive qualities. He was a true gentleman, a man of refined and cultivated tastes, who cured the Court of the coarseness of previous reigns. Unlike most of his royal ascendants and descendants, he was a faithful husband and good father. He was a kind friend to his friends, and, though he sinned in consenting to the death of Strafford, he repented that sin most bitterly. He had the courage and nerve to raise his standard and enrich English history by making a fine fight for the rights of the Crown. He bore himself nobly as a king and Christian on his trial, in his last hours, and on the scaffold. One can hardly doubt that if he had been offered the direct and express choice between death and abandonment of the Church of England, he would have

Was Charles the First a Martyr?

chosen to die. But he was not given that choice. He was slain not because he belonged to, and held by, the Church of England, but for quite other reasons, and so cannot rightly be held a martyr in that cause unless the term is so deflated as to lose all strength and meaning. It is a pity to let down words. Nowadays if a scientific inquirer dies of accidental poisoning in a laboratory, the newspaper headline would be "a martyr of science." One even hears of a "martyr to rheumatism." The word "hero" is continually misapplied in the same way. Words like hero, saint, and martyr should be kept for their highest meanings.

If Charles I cannot rightly be called a martyr who died for the Church of England, yet he was in the fullest sense a true Anglican. His taste for things ecclesiastical was strong from boyhood. That was why his elder brother Henry, who died so young, said rather mockingly, "Charles would make a good Archbishop of Canterbury." Charles belonged by temperament and theory to that branch of the ever-divided Church of England which looks, while not exactly admitting it, to the Catholic Church centred at Rome as its model; is strongly under that radiating power; secretly, or sometimes avowedly, regrets that separation ever took place; and rightly attributes that separation, not to the then desire of the mass of the nation, but to the tyrannical will of the second Tudor; dislikes its dull Protestant connections, and hopes for ultimate corporate re-union. All the Stuart family were attracted by the magnetic influence of the central or realized Catholic Church. James I, whose wife, Ann of Denmark, the mother of Charles, was a convinced though concealed Catholic, denounced indeed the Pope in his book which gave Sir Henry Wotton so much trouble at Venice, yet had a learned flirtation with Cardinal du Perron, and dallied theoretically with the idea of re-union. Charles II was a libertine who was always, like so many sinners, Catholic at heart, and was actually reconciled on his deathbed. James II became an avowed Catholic, risked exclusion from the succession, and, at last, lost his throne

Was Charles the First a Martyr?

for this cause. The position of Charles I appears clearly in the reports made to Rome by a Scotchman, George Conn, or Cuneo, as the Italians called him, an agent of the Vatican attached to Queen Henrietta Maria. Charles liked him, and sometimes had talks with him in the queen's apartments. In a conversation in September, 1636, Conn assured the king that it was the Pope's desire that the king's Catholic subjects should be faithful to him, saving such duties as they owed to His Holiness as their spiritual father and pastor. The king said that he had never objected to such a reservation, but that some Frenchmen and Spaniards stirred up trouble in the kingdom. Conn suggested that this might be due to the fear some foreign powers had that a perfect union between Great Britain and the Apostolic See might bring internal dissensions to an end and so strengthen the nation for action abroad. The king agreed, and then said with emotion, "God pardon the first authors of the disunion!" "I," says Conn in his dispatch, "answered, 'Sir, so much the greater will your Majesty's glory be if so great an evil is remedied by your means.'" The king replied nothing to this, but turned the conversation to Poland, the Palatine question, the exact nature of the Catholic objection to the terms of the oath of allegiance. Conn said, at the end, that he trusted it would not prejudice his Majesty against him that he was a good servant of the Pope. "The king suddenly gave me his hand, saying, 'No, George; be sure of that once for all.'"

Charles did recognize and value the loyalty of his Catholic subjects, and during his reign, until the Puritans got hold of power in 1641, the severe penal laws were not enforced by death punishment. In return, all the Catholics in England and Scotland fought, to the finish, under his banner in the Civil War.

George Conn reported another conversation in the rooms of the queen at Whitehall on March 11th, 1637. This is well worth translating in full from the Italian of his letter to Cardinal Barberino at Rome.

Was Charles the First a Martyr?

I spoke with the King yesterday at some length in the chamber of the Queen, and his Majesty, among other things, related to me certain conversations between him and the confessor of the King of Spain on the subject of religion, and his Majesty showed that he had remained little satisfied on the whole matter. Then we talked of invocation of saints, of purgatory, and of the infallibility of the Church, and after having made such statements as at the time God inspired me to make, I begged his Majesty to reflect for the love of Christ, and consider the injuries which were the result to Christianity of the schism, and disunion from the Roman Church. The King confessed to me that this was so, but at the same time said I know not what about the happiness and quiet of his own kingdoms. I, on the other hand, represented the internal divisions, the credit which his Majesty failed to get abroad, and the danger to which he stood exposed from neighbouring Princes, who, when it suited them, would not fail to drop the precious mask of religion in order to injure him, and, seeing that he took all this in good part, I took courage to beg his Majesty to desire the removal of the schism deemed so great a sin by Saint Augustine, and so prejudicial to the glory of his Majesty. Then the King said to me: "Certainly I should wish this to be removed, and to this end would make any penitence whatever," but he added that the Church of Rome was too proud and determined in certain things, as, for instance, in defending the Council of Trent. I said that in the Council there were Canons which were unchangeable, and also decrees about the reform of customs, and exhortations to things not defined as of faith by the Church, and as to these there was room for discussion, *utrum hic et nunc expediret*, to put them in force, and with a view to that I begged his Majesty to depute some persons of moderate views, and well-intentioned towards union, and said that His Holiness would do the same, and that then his Majesty would be enlightened as to how benign a Mother is the Catholic Church. The King, placing a hand on my shoulder, answered: "It is not yet time; things are not yet ready; we must look further ahead, and say nothing" (*"Non è ancora tempo; le cose non sono ancora disposte; bisogna veder più avanti, e non dir parola"*).

So, after a few words more on a matter of detail, this conversation ended, and George Conn, with a deep salute, went back to his lodging to write his report to Rome.

Is not the position of Charles I just that of so many Anglicans under George V, a blend of desire, repulsion,

Was Charles the First a Martyr?

fear, hope, concealment of real views, indecision, hesitation, waiting to see, occasional surprise into timid avowal? At a certain stage repulsion itself is often a form taken by attraction. That same accusation of evil pride and determination made against the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church because, although it can explain, it will not, and cannot, revoke or modify its great decisions in Council, in order, and even that would be a dubious result, to win back Protestants—how often does one hear it still! And does not Conn, on his side, show the constant delusion of foreigners who associate with a small section here and are ignorant of the solid underlying Protestantism of the nation as a whole? Conn actually seems to have thought that the king could conduct the nation Rome-wards, the king who, very few years later, was not able to save even the Anglican Episcopacy from overthrow. What a dream!

In the long suspension of Parliament a silence had settled round the Court circle, cutting it off from perception of the real feeling in the country. But for this obscuration how could the king, with no military force at his disposal and English opinion against him, have thought himself able to dictate the form of their religion to the dour and obstinate Scots? Perhaps the mixed feeling as to Catholicism in the mind of Charles, his position on the *via media*, gave him that irresolution which one reads in his eyes in the portraits by Vandyke and others, and sees continually in Clarendon's history, or was it rather his native irresolution that led him to that position? Fatal irresolution, which allowed him to sign the death-warrant of Strafford, and to lose every chance in and after the war by procrastination, indecision, and double-dealing! Fatal, when he came against the simple and strong Calvinism of the strongest Puritans! It is only the real Catholic who can meet with success the real Protestant. Vigorous barbarians of the type of Martin Luther or John Milton can be met by nothing less strong and solid than the Roman line of battle. As the Gospel parables show, the self-same qualities applied in different spheres and to

Was Charles the First a Martyr?

different ends make for success both in the secular and the spiritual world. These are, mainly, faith, daring venture after prudent calculation of strength, decision in choice, promptitude, refusal to look back on that which is decided, or to turn back, or to be held up by attachments, or by other attractions, or by weak scruples; tenacity to a single aim and dominant purpose; readiness to seize occasion, power to sacrifice the less for the more, even everything for one thing, and, in a word, to will the means if one wills the end. These parables, if applied to the affairs of this world, make an excellent guide for action. Both kingdoms have to be taken, not by endless reasoning, but by strong resolution, choice and force. Hamlet would have been a charming and fairly happy Prince of Denmark had he not fallen on times "out of joint." If Charles had reigned later, when the exact position of the Crown had been defined by custom, and the modern device of separating political responsibility from representative dignity had been established, he would have been an excellent and happy king. He was victim of an unsolved problem, the reconciliation of a monarchy with a nation's self-government, not a martyr for the Church of England.

Yet his very defects and misfortunes gave him that attracting charm and grace of his, while he lived, and have attached to his memory a pathetic fascination. Like Mary of Scotland, compared with Elizabeth of England, Charles has to this day a hold on the hearts of men not possessed by Oliver Cromwell, nor by the prosaic though successful William of Orange. And, after all, he may well be remembered by the Anglican party, if not as "the only layman who ever died for the Church of England," as perhaps the only really High Anglican king.

BERNARD HOLLAND.

LOUIS LE CARDONNEL*

ACCORDING to a competent chronicler of the period, M. Henri de Régnier, French poetry lay dormant for about ten years, from 1875 to 1885. It had been dulled into slumber by the ambient air of "Naturalism." But it awoke with fresh, not to say tumultuous, energy; and the decade that followed saw "schools," reviews, experiments, individualities, follow one another and develop in rapid succession. It is the period now known, in spite of its extreme diversity, as that of "Symbolism."

The common characteristics were a reaction in favour of idealism against the prevailing materialistic philosophy, and in favour of new and subtle forms of art against the hard, cold, finite, analytic perfection of the Parnassians. The new art was to be synthetic; that is to say, its subject matter was to be all life, but especially its mysterious and elusive phenomena. For the Symbolists held that the most subtly intangible things could be conveyed by means of the tangible. It was also to be synthetic in its means of expression; to proceed not by statement, narration, or description, but by suggestion. Now the means of suggestion go far beyond the familiar use of language. The new art of words aspired to combine with the qualities hitherto existent in poetry the resources of other arts, especially music. Associations of sound, assonance, alliteration, melody, harmony, flexibility of rhythm; associations of feeling as well as of ideas; images and symbols chosen to suggest a mood or a thought while leaving it intentionally vague: such were some of the means used to put a sort of spell on the hearer or reader and open up to him the world of memory, emotion, imagination, vision, dream. "Wherever he thought he could catch the Infinite," writes André Barre, "the Symbolist took up his lyre; the least breath of mystery made its strings vibrate—the strings of instinct, sensibility, reason."

* *Poèmes*, Paris, *Mercur de France*, 1904; *Carmina Sacra*, Paris, *Mercur de France*, 1912; *Du Rhône à l'Arno*, Paris, *La Connaissance*, 1920.

Louis Le Cardonnel

The question is of course asked, how, seeing that poetry from all time has used symbols, Symbolism could be anything new. In a sense, it was nothing new, but one of those eternal reassertions of some neglected principle in which poetic movements consist. Sounds and words are the signs of things; and the thing signified—mental image, visible object, perceptible incident—may, in its turn, be the sign of something else. It was the immediate, intuitive connection of the symbol with the idea that was new, a connection not expressed, but merely suggested. The reader was left to divine the thought, or rather his soul in turn vibrated to some mood or thought awakened by the symbol.

Now there are as many ways of conceiving the relation between the two worlds, that of sensible experience which provides the symbol and that in which our spiritual faculties move, as there are idealist philosophies. And ultimately they work out to different æsthetic principles. So true it is that æsthetics, like ethics, depend on metaphysics; that, to borrow Jacques Maritain's energetic summing-up, "*Toutes nos valeurs dépendent de la nature de notre Dieu.*" Is the tangible world non-existent except as far as we perceive it, and the symbol merely an apt externization of our feelings and speculations, as Mallarmé seems to have held? Has the symbol once conceived a sort of independent objective existence, such as W. B. Yeats seems to ascribe to it? Are the two worlds of sense and spirit linked together, mysteriously, by their common Author, but each with its perfectly real existence, as Christian philosophy teaches?

It is because of this last relation that we so often find religious and even Catholic tendencies among the Symbolists. The affinities have been well pointed out by M. Strowski. Comparing Symbolism with the Catholic revival of those years he says: "They had one and the same enemy: that hard philosophy of realist determinism, so dreary, so oppressive and yet so proud. Both looked to the future; both had young, bold, confident representatives. . . . There was also the assertion of the liberty

Louis Le Cardonnel

and dignity of the soul. . . . Lastly, was not the habit that the new art was acquiring, of considering material things as the sign of an invisible reality, the very attitude of the Christian, aware that all that happens in the world is but a shadow, a figure, a mystery of faith ? ” It seems, indeed, that our Catholic philosophy offers in this respect particularly rich possibilities to the poet. He can, like the angel in Dante, speed his bark over the waters because he moves his wings freely in the more ethereal element, so that

Il muover suo nessun volar pareggia.

Certainly no philosophy is so well calculated to free Symbolism from the excesses and defects of its first votaries ; and while preserving the qualities of their poetry, to prevent its sound-play from becoming a pastime or a purpose, its shimmering beauty a dalliance with the appearances of things, its dreaminess a narcotic.

Something of this evolution is clearly to be traced in the pure and noble poetry of Louis Le Cardonnel. Read in the light of the scanty biographical information we have—which in any case would have to be used with discretion in regard of a living poet—his first volume, *Poèmes*, is in itself a soul’s pilgrimage, the pilgrimage of a poet soul. The goal reached and described in *Epilogue*, then becomes the starting-point of a new and more joyous journey

Jusqu’aux sources du Vrai, jusqu’aux sources du Beau.

The halts by the way are indicated in *Carmina Sacra* and *Du Rhône à l’Arno*.

Louis Le Cardonnel was born in 1862 in Valence, a city of old Roman memories and clear southern skies.

L’écho des chants venus de la belle Provence,
Aux aèdes brunis par l’éternel été,
A bercé ma jeunesse, et j’ai dès mon enfance
Connu l’enchantement de l’antique Beauté.

But he adds, addressing the ancient Irish ancestors whose Celtic blood flowed in his veins,

Louis Le Cardonnell

. . . j'hérite de vous dans ces époques grises,
Où le doute affaiblit les cœurs les plus virils,
L'âme d'un constructeur de mystiques églises,
Le désir du voyage et l'attrait des exils.

The artist's sense of beauty to be realized in song, and the dreamy Celtic soul, both predisposed him for an active part in the Symbolist movement, just in its first stirrings when he came to Paris at about the age of twenty. He was a well-known, if somewhat solitary and elusive, figure in poetic circles for many years. Then after prolonged indecision he went to the French seminary in Rome and was ordained priest in 1896.

Two early dated poems, *Ville morte* and *Le Piano*, are strongly reminiscent of Baudelaire and Verlaine. Indeed, the readers of the *petites revues* and the members of the closed circles where the new poetry was recited hailed Le Cardonnell as another Baudelaire. "No," he said one day to a friend, "I feel something within me that aspires to clarity, severity, and strength. I feel that I shall not be a Baudelaire, that I shall be the very opposite, that my work will not have the confusion of darkness. I feel that I bear within me the evangelical soul of the old Breton bards of my race. Something tells me that I shall be a poet of light." He did eventually express the soul of the Christianized Celts in such poems as *Le Chant des chevaliers qui ne sont pas morts en Palestine* and *A mes aïeux d'Irlande*. But, at first, another aspect of what is generally held to be the Celtic spirit is most apparent in him. Renan writes of the "quite special vivacity that the Celtic races have put into their feeling for nature. Their mythology is but a transparent naturalism, not the anthropomorphic naturalism of Greece and India . . . but, so to say, a realistic naturalism, the love of nature for itself, the vivid impression of her magic, accompanied by the wave of sadness that comes over man when, face to face with her, he fancies he hears her speak to him of his origin and of his destiny."

Le Chanteur and *Le Cri du Celte* are almost a transposition of these words into verse. The poet is tremulously

Louis Le Cardonnell

responsive to the murmuring voices and mysterious life of stream and wood, of sea and moor; he evokes old legends in which there is something so akin to his feeling that his soul is, for the time being, a reincarnation of the soul of all his shadowy ancestors. At this time nature appealed to him most in its subdued and melancholy aspects. Twilight, moonlight, autumn, stir him to delicate emotion and musical expression. If it is summer, he dwells on the "dragging flight of the sleepy hours," when the very woods and waters are heavy and the only moving things "the clouds swelling like white sails against the giddy blue." If winter is at hand, a chill falls on his spirit:

Des triomphes premiers les voix se font lointaines ;
En toi passe et repasse un âpre moissonneur ;
Un givre lent durcit tes intimes fontaines.

Et tandis que le vent s'élance, dur sonneur,
Tu crois ouïr un bruit d'inéluctables portes,
Se refermant, là-bas, sur tout le vieux Bonheur,

Et tu crois voir le sang, le sang des heures mortes.

Of these and similar moods, the poet said, "I am seeking myself, I have not found myself." He was on the way when the summer clouds, floating no one knows whither, suggested a world beyond; when an October sunset in the forest inspired these verses:

Nous-mêmes, empourprés par un dernier espoir,
Nous sentirons bientôt tomber aussi le soir,
Et tomber l'hiver sur notre âme . . .
Mais du moins pourrons-nous, après tant d'ombre, voir

D'un Paradis la porte éternelle, que lame
Un or magique, un or mystique, un or de flamme,
S'entr'ouvrir, telle que, là-bas,

.
Nous voyons

.
Resplendir, inondant d'une clarté nos pas,
La porte d'or, la porte d'or occidentale.

Louis Le Cardonnell

And still more, when in the fine poem *A Louis II de Bavière* he wrote:

. . . ce n'est pas en vain qu'on provoque les Ombres.

Vous qui les adoriez, elles vous ont dompté :

Vous n'avez pas connu l'ardeur silencieuse

De ceux dont l'âme étreint la chaste Vérité.

This *chaste Vérité* is, no doubt, *l'Attendue* of an early poem, some beatitude, some perfection of which the poet had more than a glimmering perception even when the unworthy life of his time and of his associates, the *vie infâme* from which he recoils in loathing, threatened to submerge him. His vision keeps him solitary among his fellows, although

Il semble se mêler au tourbillon que mène

Un invisible Esprit, impur et révolté.

Il regarde venir sur la Seine livide,

Avec ses feux tremblants, le soir troué de cris ;

Il sent se refléter dans son cœur las et vide

La misère et l'horreur de tant de cœurs flétris.

For he suffers not only the sense of loathing and the fear of degradation, his own personal pangs ; but the woe of others struggling with the " fatale horreur de vivre," the insatiable ambition of hearts " épris d'impossibles victoires," and more austere, but equally insatiable, longings to pierce the mystery of the universe. He knows, too, what a lack-lustre life is ; and dead friendship, loveless solitude, the desire for an ideal love. So that he could say with truth, when he had at length reached the harbour of peace :

. . . je suis l'homme au cœur introublé ;

Mais avant j'ai connu toute la vie humaine,

Et mon âme n'est pas dure, d'être sereine.

And in the imaginative, musical *Invocations d'automne*, published in 1903, he pleads with his muse for songs " to charm and lull the sad human heart," so that there may be with him

Louis Le Cardonnell

. . . dans l'Automne aux pensives allées
Un invisible choeur de douleurs consolées.

During the years of mental struggle through which he passed, he was himself consoled by exquisite friendships, by his art, by his ever clearer presentiment of divine things; and the three threads are interwoven in his verse. The most uplifting and sustaining friendship is half unveiled in the *Chant platonicien*, *Stances*, *A une âme*, *In Memoriam*:

Après de vous j'entends l'Infini qui m'appelle;
La Vérité me parle ineffablement belle

Pour chasser de mes pas le doute affreux qui rampe,
Elevez dans ma nuit le Laurier et la Lampe.

Pro Amicis is a record of mutual deep tenderness, ideal striving, generous admiration:

C'étaient de purs songeurs, c'étaient d'ardents poètes:

Leur nom monte toujours de mon âme à mes lèvres,
Et je vais, murmurant, dans ma peine: où sont-ils,
Ces cœurs qui palpitaient de généreuses fièvres,
Ces esprits délicats, somptueux et subtils?

The thought of eternal separation is intolerable, inconceivable:

Non! O mes Disparus, mes grands Morts: j'en atteste
Ces éclairs d'infini que j'ai vus dans vos yeux,
Et vos accents d'extase, et ce reflet céleste,
Qui descendait parfois sur vos fronts radieux.

"In a little sight," to speak with Francis Thompson, the Christian poet "grafts upon the cypress the tree of Life." All things are irradiated with hope and rounded into a harmony, and art, when truly pursued, is a high and sacred thing.

In the early piece, *A un ménestrel*, poetry is momentarily a *gai savoir*, though there throbs beneath its light melody a ground-bass of foreboding. In *Le Tailleur de tombes* the poet is a wanderer on the earth, a sea-bird ever seeking some new ocean:

Louis Le Cardonnel

Et tous les vivants près de lui marchent
Sans savoir qu'il est le grand Vivant,
L'âme en qui frémit toute musique,
L'âme en qui sanglot, tempête et râle
Se font mélodie, à ravir Dieu.

Again, poetry is a

. . . musique de l'âme en paroles redite,
Harmonieux appel d'un cœur à d'autres cœurs.

But the sonnet to Mallarmé shows us the poet more intent on the ideal substance of his poetry than on its music—on the end of poetry rather than its means :

Epris d'une splendeur qu'il veut toujours plus ample,
Le Poète, malgré la Terre et le Destin,
Se bâtit dans son cœur un asile hautain. . . .

And there springs within him

Ce chant qui jamais ne s'endort,
Ce chant qui veut pleurer sans trêves
L'Art oublié, l'Idéal mort,
C'est le chant de mes nobles Rêves.

He will realize his dream, so long vague, by guiding men towards that Beauty which was the half-glimpsed goal of his dead poet friends.

J'ouvrirai des chemins vers la Beauté divine,
Et, lorsque s'épancheront mes vers graves et doux,
Les hommes sentiront leur céleste origine,
A ces profonds accents qui me viendront de vous.

There had been a moment—some pieces not republished in *Poèmes* seem to show it—when the poet had stood at a parting of the ways :

. . . voudra-t-il servir en païen idolâtre
L'Art subtil et pervers, qui ne cherche pas Dieu ?

but his wiser ambition is to realize in himself

Cette antique union du Poète et du Prêtre,
Tous deux consolateurs et tous deux inspirés.

This "ancient union" was possible, because the source of inspiration was, and is, one. *La Plainte antique* cries unceasingly for a world transformed by divine Love

Louis Le Cardonnell

incarnate, of which the myths of old were premonitions. But for Louis Le Cardonnell, the divine Love does not remain a mere notion, however intellectually satisfying; a mere speculation, however stimulating to the imagination. The poems in which he prays are as sincere, as poignant, as poetic, as those of Verlaine and Francis Thompson :

O mon Dieu, vous avez des ruses adorables
Pour triompher des cœurs et vous les attacher,
Car vous êtes épris de ces cœurs misérables. . . .

O mon Dieu, je reviens d'un long voyage amer,
Où j'ai lassé mon cœur, et d'où je ne rapporte
Que stériles regrets d'avoir tenté la mer.

Mon ivresse est tombée et ma superbe est morte,
L'universel ennui creuse son vide en moi ;
L'Espoir, sans s'arrêter, passe devant ma porte. . . .

Or, on the other hand, the inexpressible joy which makes the soul sing :

Comme l'oiseau qui chante au fond de la forêt.

Voici qu'en nous, déjà, tremble une aile inconnue :
L'ineffable Beauté nous attire, et parfois
Passe l'auguste éclair de la Vérité nue. . . .

This rises above the morbid romantic identification of the sense of infinity with sadness, because it is instinct with faith and hope. One would like to quote the whole *Prière du soir d'été*, which opens like a Latin vesper hymn, or of *Consécration* ; but a short piece, *Mes Heures*, sums up the whole evolution in its happily-linked *terzine* and rests in the note of peace :

Par les champs et les bois, sur les monts, près des ondes
Suivant leurs songes vains et leurs illusions,
Autrefois s'en allaient mes heures vagabondes.

Elles jouaient avec les jeunes passions,
Et parfois on les vit, ces belles insensées,
Ivres du clair été rire dans les rayons.

Louis Le Cardonnell

Par le Doute beaucoup sanglotèrent blessées,
Ou, maudissant le jour implacable et vermeil,
Jusqu'à la douce nuit se traînèrent, lassées.

Et que de fois alors, triomphant du sommeil,
Avec ses regards creux la fatale insomnie
Les força d'invoquer le retour du soleil!

Mais, blanches du reflet de la paix infinie,
Mes heures maintenant, toutes, d'un pied serein,
S'avancent dans l'amour, la joie et l'harmonie.

Car, chaste Conducteur qu'on ne suit pas en vain,
Fils du Père, vêtu de la nature humaine
C'est le divin Berger, c'est l'Enchanteur divin,

C'est le divin Orphée, humble et doux, qui les mène.

The *Carmina Sacra*, published in 1912, partly overlap the *Poèmes* in date and subject. They open on the same note of peace, but in a new setting—the sweetness of the Italian spring. Louis Le Cardonnell's friends had greatly feared his religious vocation. With regret, or pity, or derision, they had looked on him as "lost to Life and Art," though "never did his voice ring purer." Some of the new poems date back to 1904, and have a strength and serenity that recall the opening of the *Purgatorio*:

Près du cloître où la vigne est blonde de lumière,
Oublieux du cruel passé qui fut le mien,
J'abandonne, en priant, mon âme tout entière
Aux attraits de ce beau printemps italien.

He sings, irrepressibly, like St. Francis, whose atmosphere he is breathing,

Car son cœur est trop plein pour ne pas éclater.

J'ai la clef des jardins de la Joie infinie . . .
Lui-même, le Seigneur, présidera la fête:
Car c'est le Coryphée et l'éternel Poète.
Son cœur est comme un luth pour sa divinité,
Et le ciel vibre au chant de son Humanité.

The themes in this volume are new, or if old they have

Louis Le Cardonnell

suffered a spirit-change. The note of melancholy recurs, with the gloomy days and the sad seasons, but it is no longer dominant, and the "immortal hope" which the poet would fain carry far and wide to the sufferers and wanderers of the world is but momentarily eclipsed in his own soul. Morning and summer—the Tuscan summer with its "glory of sun"—in their turn inspire the poet. *Stances à la Toscane* and *Primavera* are a perfect evocation of the sights and scents and sounds of Tuscany and its cheerful friendly inhabitants. But its peace and beauty and unspoiled simplicity suggest always the unearthly peace and beauty of the "immortel ailleurs." With the serenity of the climate and the thought, the verse takes on a peculiar limpidity.

On the wings of the spirit Le Cardonnell rises to themes which do not seem cold or abstract, because he infuses his own life into them. The poetry of pictures, of erudition, of philosophical discussion, of the previsions of the intellect—these things which are well-nigh contradictions in terms become thrilling realities when rendered through a tremulous sensitiveness and a quick imagination. But then Louis Le Cardonnell lives on a plane not always accessible to the artist in words. Who shall voice the joy of studious communings with the great spirits of the past, of sharing with a kindred soul one's divinations of mystery, of seeing open up as in a long vista the wonders of God's workings in the world, unless the sensibility of the poet and the technique of the artist are combined with the sage's thirst for wisdom and the intuition of the mystic?

De mon humanité les limites étroites

S'effacent : je verrai de ta gloire, Seigneur !

The poet does not, however, remain on these heights. True to the mission he has set himself, of "harmonieux réconciliateur" between God and creatures, he alternates between ecstasy and service :

Tour à tour

L'ardent recueillement et le don de moi-même

Me feront tressaillir d'allégresse suprême ;

Louis Le Cardonnell

as on a morning described in *Orphica* :

La clarté du printemps frémit dans les feuillages.

Je vais par les sentiers traversés d'un rayon . . .

Et, tout à coup, voici que dans le vert jardin,

Où m'accompagnaient seuls et mon Dante et Platon,

M'entoure un jeune essaim . . .

The group of fresh and delicate poems called *Orphica* (1905-1908) shows us the poet as teacher. A mature mind and heart, and youth renewed by contact with the young; a flame of enthusiasm and idealism in presence of their promise and possibilities: these things find outward expression even in the more emotional rhythms:

Toi que je mène à la lumière;

Toi que, tremblant dans ton émoi,

J'ai choisi pour verser en toi mon âme entière,

Coule tes jours auprès de moi,

Tire de moi des nombres d'or

Inentendus encor.

There are poems addressed to older friends also, but they express less disquiet than of yore. The *Carmen platonium* of the second volume differs from the *Chant platonicien* of *Poèmes* much as

. . . aux jours de l'Italie ancienne

Une Abbesse, princesse et platonicienne

might differ from her earlier and more shadowy sister:

. . . avec son doux sourire d'espérance,

Celle que louangea l'Exilé de Florence.

It really is as if, in rising to a more unworldly inspiration, the poet had discovered a new side to the purely human. All the simple common things—it is the note so often struck by Péguy, Claudel, Jammes—are lit with the light of heaven. In this wise serenity, so far removed from insensibility, the poet pictures this future for himself:

Ton pèlerin arrive à cet âge sévère,

Où l'homme sent qu'il a sa meilleure œuvre à faire.

Il lui faut le repos dans la stabilité,

D'ardents amis, un bel, un lumineux été,

Louis Le Cardonnel

Un automne, avec lui songeant, le long des vignes,
De purs coteaux, menant d'harmonieuses lignes,
Des foyers où s'asseoir, toujours sûr de l'accueil. . . .

Lorsque je passerai dans tes murs, les enfants,
Si je leur ai souri, couriront, triomphants.

Je serai plus léger du fardeau que j'enlève. . . .

Je chanterai les mots anciens, les mots sacrés,
Qui font les vivants purs et les morts délivrés.
Ainsi, de jour en jour, par ta vertu secrète
Grandiront à la fois le Prêtre et le Poète. . . .

In the domain of art, too, the poet has before him a mystical ideal ; but we find him insisting on the need for labour and discipline :

Rien de beau, rien de grand, qui ne soit difficile.
Aux rigueurs de l'art pur prête un esprit docile. . . .

Is it not almost reminiscent of Boileau ? And what a contrast with the minstrel of *Poèmes* :

Et tu ris, gentil Ménestrel, tu dances,
Et ton âme berce au doux flot des stances
L'heure de plaisir . . .

or with the *jeune aède* :

Tu brandis ta strophe comme un thyrses.

But the spirit is the same, the purpose high and unquenchable :

La gloire à conquérir est rude, mais qu'importe
Que nous devions un jour forcer sa sombre porte !
Ce qui compte est d'avoir, par son âme, exalté
Des âmes ; c'est d'avoir désiré la Beauté !

His native town, Valence, had given him a birth-gift, as we saw :

Si j'ai l'accent latin, Mère, je te le dois. . . .

The "accent latin," the instinct for harmonious perfection of expression, the note of classicism, was developed under the influence of Italian art and Italian skies. But Louis Le Cardonnel dreams of wedding it to other qualities :

Louis Le Cardonnell

Si j'aime, en purs contours, en immuables lignes,
Les marbres se dressant dans l'or des matins bleus
J'aime aussi les grands vols nostalgiques de cygnes,
S'enfonçant dans un ciel d'automne nébuleux.

Que mon vœu de songeur et mon vœu de poète
Jusqu'à mon dernier jour demeurent d'accorder
L'élan ardent de l'âme à la forme parfaite,
Coupe d'or d'où le vin ne doit pas déborder.

Any attempt to study this "forme parfaite" would be beyond the scope of these pages. But it is interesting to note that the poetic theories of the Symbolist period were much influenced by English poetry. A poem written by Le Cardonnell at a time when, according to his friend Jean Carrère, he was "rising above the confused theories of the literature of the moment to great poetry," is entitled *The Praise of Alfred Tennyson*.

. . . Tennyson, aux chants si limpide ment beaux,
Qu'à jamais leur cadence enchante nos demeures
Et que nos cœurs lui sont palais plus que tombeaux . . .

Mélancolie, et vous Extase, transparence
Du chant des bons harpeurs d'outre-mer, est-ce en vain
Que nous voulons vous joindre à ces clartés de France ?

Le don mystérieux d'éveiller l'infini,
Nous l'avons, comme toi, de par nos aïeux celtes,
Et le songe n'est pas de nos fronts si banni
Que sur ton vaisseau blanc, peuplé de vierges sveltes,
Nous ne puissions te suivre au pays d'infini . . .

Tu nous rendis Spenser aux splendides images,
Wordsworth, penché le soir sur de penses eaux,
Shelley, presque perdu dans les ardents nuages,
Keats, retrouvant les sons des antiques roseaux :
Car ton âme volait d'images en images.

It is easy to understand the charm for a French reader of the "limpid beauty" of Tennyson's verse, his "serene melody," his song "sweeter than the air of May." While the visions, like his own *Lady of the Lake*, mystic, wonder-

Louis Le Cardonnel

ful, that he calls up from the Celtic legend-world ; his chivalric heroes ; his etherialized humanity ; his dreams of poets and fair women ; the tender, pensive, faith-crowned mourning of *In Memoriam* must have appealed strongly to the personal tastes and tendencies of Louis Le Cardonnel.

Le Cardonnel has, so to say, a more domestic interest for Catholic readers. The *Mercure de France*, which Remy de Gourmont calls "the concentration or, rather, synthesis, of the new literature," published in 1907 a notice of Francis Thompson's death in which these words occur: "He was one of the poets who, in these last fifteen years, has most moved us and whom we have most admired. If only because of this personal impression, we should not like to let the poet leave us without a parting salutation. For many, this name will be lost in the interminable list of vanished poets. . . . And yet he who has just died prematurely, bequeathing to us only three slender volumes of verse, leaves to English poetry an imperishable name." Did Le Cardonnel, who wrote his enthusiastic praise of Tennyson between 1892 and 1893, also know and share the critic's feeling for Thompson? Be that as it may, we find many affinities of thought and similarities of image between the two poets. They have the same creative fancy, visualizing the abstractions of thought and feeling, for example, in *Mes Heures* compared with passages in *Sister Songs* and the *Hound of Heaven*:

I was ware
How the air
Was all populous with forms
Of the Hours floating down. . . .

or

Let me twine with you caresses,
Wantoning
With our Lady Mother's vagrant tresses. . . .

Avec ses regards creux la fatale insomnie
bears comparison with
For Time to shoot his barbed minutes at me.

Louis Le Cardonnel

They have the same sense of music in nature. For Le Cardonnel, the universe is *sonore, harmonieux*; stillness itself pulses with music :

Laissons la grande paix des cieux que nous aimons
Se prolonger en nous musicale. Fermons
Nos yeux sur qui la brise expire en tièdes vagues.

And Thompson :

Lo, secret music, sweetest music,
From distances of distance drifting its lone flight. . . .

They express the same recoil from a life known to be unworthy :

Il entendra longtemps ses grands rêves pleurer,
Ses rêves glorieux, traînés dans cette boue,
Et les philtres impurs que l'âme désavoue
Affoleront sa chair sans le désaltérer.

For low they fall whose fall is from the sky.
Yea, who me shall secure
But I, of height grown desperate,
Surcease my wing. . . .

.
Too well, too well
My flesh doth know the heart-perturbing thing. . . .

They have the same recurring religious symbolism, seeing God's presence over all the earth and earth paying homage to God. The passage already quoted on an October sunset recalls the beautiful passage in the *Ode to the Setting Sun* :

The low sky-line dusks to a leaden hue,
No rift disturbs the heavy shade and chill,
Save one, where the charred firmament lets through
The scorching dazzle of heaven . . . etc.

For Thompson, at nightfall :

. . . 'tis our own Lady
Spreads her blue mantle over thee,

and Le Cardonnel invokes her :

Assiste-nous, ô Reine au manteau constellé.

The French poet knows

Louis Le Cardonnel

. . . que toutes les fleurs du printemps plein d'extase
Ne sont que l'ombre froide et vaine d'autres fleurs,
which suggests the more developed

And all the firsts are hauntings of some Last,
And all the springs are flash-lights of one Spring.
Then leaf, and flower, and fall-less fruit
Shall hang together on the unyellowing bough. . . .

While these two verses remind us of the splendour of the
Orient Ode :

Je voyais les coteaux fumer dans la lumière
Ainsi que des autels couronnés par l'encens.

As in *A Fallen Yew*, so in the restless quest of *La
Plainte antique* :

Les êtres douloureux veulent se fondre en vain.

The tormenting pursuit of ideal Beauty, the high sense
of the nobility of Art, the austere vision of the thorny
path to be trod, inspire whole poems such as *Pro Amicis*,
The Mistress of Vision, *To the Dead Cardinal*, *A Judgment
in Heaven*. Or rather, they pervade both poets' work,
and both have the same plaint to make of the indifferent,
practical crowd :

Même quand il souffre, il chante! il chante!

Car il n'est que chants, le grand Maudit.
Mais vous dites tous : Que nous importe!
Nous ne pouvons pas vivre de chants.

I hang 'mid men my needless head,
And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread. . . .

The poet's lot is isolation and, in a sense, his fruitfulness
depends on his loneliness :

L'Amour qui me dédaigne et qui pourtant m'est cher,
A jamais laissera mon âme vide et close. . . .

I deem well why life unshared
Was ordained me of yore. . . .

But this solitude is tempered by the same kind of ideal
friendship :

Louis Le Cardonnell

Auprès de vous j'entends l'Infini qui m'appelle;
La vérité me parle, ineffablement belle. . . .

Her soul from earth to heaven lies

Like the ladder of the vision. . . .

Spontaneous utterances of kindred souls? Echoes attenuated by the distance between an English and a French habit of mind? Correspondences in either case not so marked as to suggest borrowing, but marked enough to awaken the joy of finding noble spirits attuned to the same music and joining in the same concert of praise to the highest. Enough has been said, perhaps, to show that the three volumes of Louis Le Cardonnell contain a treasure of pure poetry, a poetry less expressed in rugged features and mixed with alien elements than is the case with Péguy and Claudel; more accessible, therefore, and not less lofty; and undoubtedly allying some lasting conquests of Symbolism to the traditional harmony and clarity of French verse.

MARY RYAN.

AFTER-THOUGHTS

THE Editor of this REVIEW having asked me for an article relating to the subject of my recent book,* rather than resume the history of the transactions in the spring of 1917, which came so near to shortening the war by a year, saving France alone three hundred thousand men and a hundred milliards of money, I prefer to take the opportunity to unravel the inspiring and guiding spirit of these defeated negotiations. Those who ruled the fate of Europe from 1917 until the Peace set out with diametrically opposite principles from those which, up to that moment, had actuated the belligerent powers. We may say that they set aside history, perhaps not so much out of contempt for the wisdom of the past, as out of their unlimited belief in new doctrines. The result proclaims the danger of building on ideas rather than on experience and the teachings of tradition. These last forbid such terrible and lofty leaps over realities and existing forms. But the office of judge is not mine. During the negotiations for a separate peace to be made by Austria, the classical and ancient idea of a peace was kept in memory. It was the settlement of a new order or equilibrium for Europe which was desired above everything.

I

Diplomatists act in concert with soldiers, and complete the soldiers' work. Joined together they guard the victory, they construct the new edifice of peace, which can be based only on justice, a rigorous reparation of wrongs, and respect for the conquered. For the victors are bound to assure a new equilibrium by leaving all the freedom necessary to the life of the conquered, provided that the new order is unthreatened thereby. War itself is simply the violation of rights and equilibrium among the invaded.

* [*Austria's Peace Offer* (Constable). To Prince Sixte de Bourbon, it will be remembered, was addressed the letter from his sister, the Empress Zita, by which the world was made aware that the Emperor Karl of Austria (R.I.P.) was willing to negotiate in 1917 a separate peace.—Ed.]

After-thoughts

Those in turn, who conquer such violence, are bound to assure these rights for the future. The men who healed the wounds of the Napoleonic wars after twenty years of warfare were inspired by this idea. They set up an equilibrium, by which Europe was kept at peace for a considerable time. It was Napoleon the Third's misfortune to end it by allowing Prussia the chance to overturn this equilibrium under the mask of "the principle of nationalities."

Equilibrium obviously does not mean immutability among the peoples. There must be changes, caused by the youth of some and the decadence of others, by epochs of downfall or of wonderful expansion. A whole people can disappear. The destruction of a nation need not upset the harmony of nations if the new order is founded on justice, truth and a sovereign common interest. A solid peace can only be created on this principle of equilibrium, a principle which has arisen out of a Europe of powerful ruling nations and which suits the present age more than the Middle Ages, when the lives of men were kept to very narrow centres. The constant struggle between towns and principalities caused impassable barriers between the nations. The modern development is in the direction of unification, of an all-planet-embracing association, of an *entente* amongst all for the sake of the common work. Commerce has become universal. Millions of producers are gathered into the same organizations, aiming at vaster prospects every day. Physical science has united the continents, and the leaguings of nations is as necessary as that of coal, metal or oil combinations. Even a self-sufficient people could not isolate itself from universal interests without being thrown on itself and dying of consumption. Take the modern nations as the proof from history. France, united by her kings during ten centuries, enjoyed and used her unity to spread abroad in the world. She devoted herself to great foreign enterprises which brought her wealth and the sympathy of most distant countries and created her marvellous sovereignty in the world. Likewise England

After-thoughts

and her Dominions. The United States signify by their name how they attained their present power.

If the future of nations moves towards mighty combinations of States, the danger and the remedy should be equally clear. In order that nations may not lose the sacred treasure of their character in this contact and general exchange, their independence, spiritual life and living history, they must group themselves on the natural supports, on which their security and resources of life are based. Small nations pressed between more powerful nations must not be absorbed or abolished, but united among themselves by strong bonds which are the more enduring for being ancient rather than modern.* Only so could the nations securely obey the necessity of sharing the life of others. Those who see the best guarantee of peace in an equilibrium of Europe must aim at producing such a state of affairs, even if they have not foreseen it clearly perhaps. But this is exactly what the new principle, the principle of nationalities, contradicts more and more, and this is what has been carelessly tossed this way and that in a hundred places. Already Europe is bristling with Balkan tribes in virtue of the vague rights of race and language and, above all, of the indefinite self-determination of nations. In effect these new peoples show a narrow nationalism which succeeds in creating small independent states fiercely imbued with the idea of separate autonomy pushed to madness. They build a Chinese Wall round their corner of earth, behind which they can defy the world while enjoying their peculiar existence. Time and nature will cure this primitive spirit, but at the price of what new bloody conflicts in this new Balkania, this powder-house of Europe stretching from the Danube to the Rhine, while peace, the principal object, is lost sight of with an appalling lack of conscience. It would be criminal to retain the cause of all present woes and the source of future evils in a more menacing form than in the past. Above all, the foundations of a

* The new school seeks to confound a League of Nations with a financial and industrial Association. This material Internationalism already chants its psalmody and practises its rites.

After-thoughts

greater and more united Germany must be broken and ruined for the welfare of the world and even of Germany ! Only, there were never such pæans sung round the ancient treaties as have been sung around this Peace. It was not that they thought less of the sacredness of justice and right in old days, only that they sang less and tried to practise more. There was a Right of Nations, our modern one, belonging as it did to those ancient laws, which regulated the relations of peoples and nations and whose origin can only have been Christian and, one must admit, Catholic. Unknown in the old world, it arose when the Christian peoples possessed a unanimous faith and, above all, recognized the universal authority of the Papacy as shown in the miracle of the Truce of God and in the spirit from which rose the incomparable flower of Chivalry. But the theologians and, later, the jurists, who formulated the maxims of Right of Nations, took good care to keep them in touch with the concrete and historical realities of this world. Also, they knew that the moment human desires are alight, the moral control disappears, that nothing spiritual can hold them and that the human animal, before it can be made wise and free by reason, must first of all be conquered and guarded from its own ferocity.

But our period is madly childish and proud and believes that it can recreate the world to the sound of its fabulous lyre, and that it can rebuild by its new melody against all traditional custom. And rebuild, too, on the wild ideology and contradictory mysticism that has chiefly sprung from dreamers like J. J. Rousseau. Once more men hope after this terrible outpouring of hate and carnage to found universal peace on these mystifications, which repel or overthrow each other. The principle of pure humanism does not recognize the difference in national character nor the structure of mountains and plains and rivers or seas, nor the long customs of historical and intellectual life or even of political economy. The principle of sharp nationalities careless of the world as a whole or of its needs or vital laws, is cabined in its own narrow and aggressive particularism. The principle of

After-thoughts

universal *entente* amongst men goes so far as to deny the possibility of new wars. I pass on over better principles.

II

In the negotiations for a separate peace with Austria, lasting between the January and May of 1917, the only question was how to set up a new equilibrium for Europe. I refer to the conversations which I had with my illustrious interlocutors, whose essential meaning I scrupulously and exactly set down. The first objective was to break the savage strength of Germany for the present and the future, not so much to bring her to bay, but to order, and principally for the sake of holding her in hand till she repaired the systematic ruin she had caused in Belgium and France. The Allies justly demanded compensation for their losses and efforts—the ambitions of imperialism and conquest haunted none of them. There was considerable thought of the principle of nationality. It was well-known that the Emperor of Austria had very clear views and a decided will-power on this point, that he was in accord with the cherished hopes of Poland, Bohemia, Croatia and Jugo-Slavia. The most *bona-fide* representatives of the wishes of those countries had expressed their entire confidence in their young sovereign. But there was no desire to go further or to destroy further. Nobody wished to break the essential and necessary bonds or to rouse interior and exterior hatreds between neighbours whose interests were solidly and naturally similar. In no countries as in these, do race, difference of language, religion and custom intertwine, making conditions dangerous for peace whenever the independence of one involves the slavery of another. It would cause the weakness of all, as has appeared since and will appear again.

From a general point of view it was evident that breaking the united peoples grouped round Austria from their common concord through and with her, meant breaking a breach in an historical bulwark whose value and necessity had been long proven against whatever hegemony threatened Europe from East or from West.

After-thoughts

I was solely an intermediary. My business was to listen and learn, but from the moment that I had to take a personal part and responsibility I naturally wished to know what they were driving at and what I could achieve that was real and possible? I pushed forward to whatever was clear or precise with an ardent daring which I sometimes felt my youth made impertinent. My illustrious interlocutors smiled sometimes, which pleased me—for instance, Jules Cambon. I admired his fine calm and diplomatic language as belonging to the old regime, out of which the masterpiece of European harmony was once designed and realized. M. de Freycinet conquered me by his illuminating and encouraging conversation on October 16th, 1916. I listened full of admiration and respect to the clear wisdom of a man who had thought over so many experiences, and whose heartfelt patriotism only allowed him to appeal to useful, pressing and concrete reasons.

My first impression of M. Poincaré was perfect and remained true to itself. He showed me his full confidence and I felt his friendship. I felt well at ease with him. Here is the little note that I wrote on the margin of my memorandum. "Very quick-witted and clear-sighted; very well-informed of the European situation, keenly patriotic. His will cannot be translated into action owing to his constitutional position." I retain a good souvenir of Mr. Lloyd George. I liked his remarkable frankness and alacrity and the energy which followed his reflective silences. I felt he was as sure as Welsh granite, once he had given me his word, but if he had not given me his word I should have been afraid of fresh reasons carrying him away. He required catching, watching and holding. It was not my fault if M. Sonnino caught him soon afterwards during the visit he made to his country.

Of M. Ribot I do not wish to say a malicious word, but from the time I returned from my first interview with him I told my friends my fears and my first uncertainty. M. Ribot undoubtedly did not forget the battlefields, only he already thought too much of Mr. Wilson. Already he listened wildly to Mr. Wilson. It was Mr. Wilson and no-

After-thoughts

body else. Perhaps I am making a digression. . . . In all our interviews he never uttered lazy words and for excellent reasons, and there was never question of the metaphysical and the prophetic. He set himself out to follow and understand the movement of the war. A Peace of Justice was not forgotten, never! but there was nothing to be thought about except the means of conquering Germany. When victory could be brought about, then a solid, durable policy and equilibrium could be installed.

What a propitious moment it was for France! She could then raise her voice high, very high, and exact what necessity exacts. She was on the morrow of the splendid epic of Verdun, an epic that was French all through. Then there were other reasons which I will not mention, but which I must speak of later for the benefit of those who will live after us. There are moments which should never be allowed to pass. The great Theban bard repeated again and again, "The favourable moment is sovereign of all things." The Greek is fine—ὁ δὲ καιρὸς ὁμοίως παντὸς ἔχει κορυφάν (Pindar, *Pyth.*, Ode IX, 135-6).

I pass on to facts. I repeat that the two principal objectives which alone occupied thoughts and plans were the overthrow of Prussia and restoration of order to the Balkans. The conquest of Germany first! By 1917 the Russian defection, the Rumanian and Serbian reverses prevented any prophecy of a quick end to the war. But at this time a kind of hypnotism from the trenches seemed to paralyse all other action. There was no talk except about Napoleonic principles of enveloping the enemy with wings, but it was forgotten that this envelopment could be achieved or at least facilitated by diplomatic action. Besides, if one must say so, it seemed that during the war diplomatists declined to have any decided contact with the military leaders and particularly any inspiration from them. And the Chanceries (which?) were moving in different directions, sometimes very opposite and even hostile to each other, with the result that consistency was lacking both to views and enterprises. This fact showed itself clearly in the extravagant and often quickly-

After-thoughts

changing opinions of the leading newspapers. It leaves a whole and sad page of history to be written. One can understand why. In short, the plan was a plan to divide the Central Powers in order to enfeeble the principal enemy, the old means employed a thousand times in the course of history. Only a little common sense and general attention was necessary to hit on it.

Austria had been more rapidly exhausted than Germany and had come to an end of her strength. The young Emperor was innocent of his predecessor's faults and had come to the throne with only one desire, which was to put an end to the universal slaughter. He wished to play an untrammelled game, face to face with his associates and face to face with his enemies, in order to provoke a possibility and even a necessity for peace. But Germany was still intoxicated by her successes on the eastern fronts and refused. The Emperor Charles would have gone on further, for his duty clearly showed him that he could not uselessly sacrifice his peoples to the obstinacy of an ally whose pride was causing his coming destruction.* It is no glorious thing to criticize this particular conquered Emperor, after all, the noblest and most honest of the conquered. Macchiavelli can, for reasons which are not always bad, refuse him the praise of his honesty and particularly of that Christian compassion, corresponding so exactly to the *Misereor super turbam*. But those who have accused him of awkward ostentation in missing the firm line which is required in a sovereign's will-power, hesitated even more than he did from acting. And hesitated not as he did, in order to save floods of blood, but to follow the chimera of a mad dream. After all, was it he who let the enterprise drop? It is not for me to say more.

A separate peace with Austria would have realized the

* Legend says that my sister (the Empress) played a principal part in these negotiations. Too feudal to love intrigue for the pleasure of it, she was content to write me this charming letter as a woman and a sovereign, begging me to come to Vienna: "Do not let yourself be held by considerations which in ordinary life would be justified. Think of all the unfortunates who live in the hell of the trenches and die there every day by hundreds, and come!"

After-thoughts

principal object of the war. It would have brought about invincibly the submission of Bulgaria and Turkey. The facts of 1918 have proved how easy it would have been after 1917 to come to an understanding with these two Powers. The war would have been concentrated on the French front and brought about the result obtained eighteen months later. The lives of thousands of men would have been saved and milliards would have been saved. The general moral and economical exhaustion would not have reached the maximum level which it reached quickly after the war, all the more that Europe retained her customary life and order. Russian Bolshevism did not, and could not, enjoy the impunity which allowed it to organize its work of diabolical destruction. In short, the world's disease would have been checked before poisoning the human organization so deeply that it could only be cured by a convalescence that was longer and often more painful than the evil itself. The result must have been too magnificent and too clear in the eyes of the negotiators for them not to have put all their energy into achieving it. Every man of mind or heart should have seconded them. Three men who were for the moment three irresponsible sovereigns, caused its wreck, M. Ribot, M. Sonnino and the Count Czernin. Sonnino I can understand a little . . . but ?

Once Germany was conquered and forced to repair her crime in its whole breadth, what was to be the new order installed on the banks of the Rhine ? I will not deal with this question. I separate it from the Eastern Question although it is closely connected with it. But in speaking of the question of Austria it will be easy to see this connection and its nature and importance. To continue, I said that no one dreamed of destroying Austria-Hungary. I have already shown the reasons why, and I must, without insisting too much, return to them. The question of Austria is extremely delicate. . . . It is no light matter to mention. If Austria-Hungary did not exist, it would have to be invented. Doubtless good reasons were given, reasons whose right value and sparkling

After-thoughts

evidence have only been shown clearer by Austria-Hungary's destruction. Europe has been Balkanized. This word, true and terrible, has been no prophecy. Facts have followed facts as in a chemical reaction. And we shall see many more. Not in vain can the work of nature, history and custom be destroyed. Now Austria-Hungary represented such a work in Europe. During centuries she was above all the bulwark that closed and held and touched the East. She protected the peace of the West. In a way she was its pivot. If, owing to circumstances of which she was not fully or solely the cause, she pressed heavily upon the Latins of the South, that was all over and could have finished otherwise than we have seen. The finest hopes may be indulged in a new Italian Empire renewing some fragment of its ancient grandeur, but it is not well for it to be placed suddenly in contact with barbarians more civilized than the others, but not less warlike and far more crafty.

During the conversations of 1917 there was question of what was called a horizontal alliance, which was the name they gave to the idea of a new equilibrium. The equilibrium was to pass from Poland through Bohemia, through Austria-Hungary, Italy, France and England. It was the old bulwark replanned in a new way. It agreed with the direction of the mountains, plains, rivers and also with the roads made by the hands of men who had profitably combined their labour with that of nature. It agreed, above all, with age-long customs. Austria-Hungary would have been the axis and the arc to the north and the west. But she could only have been so through the union which she had formed and kept among different peoples, who were incapable, once they were independent of each other, of reforming or maintaining it themselves. Everything to do with them contradicted this union, the divergence and hostility of their race, language, religion and interests, and even the varying degree in their civilization. Physical and moral conditions make this union actually impossible, as people have begun to notice. Consider as well the trouble and

After-thoughts

division, which can be caused by democratic constitutions amongst peoples with whom the lack of a permanent authority, sovereignly careful of everybody and everything, only entails internal anarchy, as their ancient and recent history shows.

These new peoples, deprived of an opening to the sea, without rivers or the frontiers which only a common life could have afforded them, have been dragged by force into the greater currents of modern life and can only fall under the strong influence of the neighbouring Powers by land and sea. They will have done nothing except change the form of their slavery, since legend insists there has been a slavery. They will have chosen the worse of the two and perhaps will have to endure the one they dreaded most. Perhaps they will regret that Austria-Hungary in which they were mingled and accustomed to live together under the protection of common boundaries and united forces. They lived there for better or worse like the rest of the inhabitants of the wheel. The organization of this Empire was not far from being a model, and was preparing an unjolting gradient towards the independence and autonomy that was desired. Vienna, their capital, where they brushed elbows, was an entirely peaceful town, wealthy and charming. Music, the very symbol of peace in body and soul, flourished there. A bright gaiety ran through the music of Vienna. The custom of living together under the same laws is in itself a considerable fact. Pascal says it holds almost everything that goes to make the happiness of men or cities.

But Austria-Hungary no longer exists. The ancient bulwark has been cut up into lots. Germany, conquered, has been preserved by the very principles of the new Peace, and we, despite the resistances she makes to signing the Treaty and in spite of her new threats, are seeking to find, without quite knowing where, the firmer bases of a new equilibrium for Europe.*

* [At the Conference at Genoa. Its members include statesmen of whose dispositions the author of this article here records his impressions. —Ed.]

PRINCE SIXTE DE BOURBON.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

IN *The Book of Saints* (A. and C. Black), compiled by the Benedictine monks of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate, we have a *Who's Who* of the saints. It is meant as a reference book, where may be readily found the date of a saint and sufficient particulars as to who he was and where he lived. In the Preface the authors say: "Although the scope of this book of reference only admits of the cataloguing of saints of some prominence, an endeavour has been made to include, in addition to the saints of the Roman Martyrology, all others generally known, at least by name, especially those who have given place-names to towns and villages in the British Isles." That the authors have not been entirely successful in so wide a task is not surprising; and the compression necessitated by the size of the volume has added a further difficulty.

If the Bollandist *Index* (Supplementary Vol, 1875) had been taken as a foundation for this work, it would have covered most of the names in the Roman Martyrology, and would have added many more of real interest. There is no bibliography attached to the book, and it is difficult to know what authors have been consulted; but, from internal evidence, such a necessary authority as Stanton's *Menology* does not seem to have been used. Of St. Edburga we are told that she was a "nun and abbess at Winchester," but Pershore, equally with Winchester, claimed her. Osbern of Clare, who wrote her life for the monks of Pershore, admitted that they had the smaller portion of her body, but the greater glory of her miracles, and their Church was dedicated to her. We note that the disputed date of St. Dunstan's birth, 925, is repeated here without question, after all that has been written on the subject. If that year were correct, Dunstan must have been abbot of Glaston when he was only twenty years of age, which is most improbable. The generally received date of the saint's birth is 909. In the same way, the bisection of St. Gildas is abandoned at the

Some Recent Books

present day; "Gildas the Elder" and "Gildas the Wise" are one and the same person. St. Plegmund, tutor of King Alfred, died in 923, not in 914; and that he was not consecrated by Pope Formosus the Dean of Wells clearly proves in his *Saxon Bishops of Wells*. Through the lack of cross-references one is not able to trace all the strange names by which St. Wilgeforte or St. Liberata are called. The Maid Bucombe, or Uncombe, or Rhadegund, are all *aliases* of Wilgeforte or Liberata, and occur in mediæval wills, dedications of altars, etc. On account of the quaintness of the devotions offered to this saint by ladies anxious to be rid of their husbands, St. Uncombe has been written about at some length by Bl. Thomas More. The common error of speaking of a martyr being "hanged, drawn and quartered," is repeated in the description of Bl. Oliver Plunket. The sentence was that he should be "drawn, hanged and quartered," the drawing being the painful and ignominious journey on the hurdle to the place of execution. It does not relate to the dis-embowelling, which was a separate and later part of the sentence. St. Urith, or Ewrith, of Stowford, a hamlet in the parish of Swymbridge, North Devon, is omitted altogether. There was a fairly widespread devotion to her in the West of England—her Fifteenth Century picture is in a window in Nettlecombe Church, Somerset, and the church at Chittlehampton, Devon, is dedicated to her. St. Wulfric passed his hermit life in Somerset, not in Dorset.

In dealing with a book that contains the names of several thousand saints, it is not difficult to pick out errors like these; but the mistakes indicate that the authors are not acquainted with the latest information on the subject of which they treat. They should also have kept in mind that a work of this kind can never be spiritual-reading; and all such phrases as "he fell asleep in Christ," "called out of this world to a better life," "bravely confessing Christ," etc., are superfluous in a book of reference, where space is precious. The arrangement of putting saints of the same name under the day

Mr. Francis Newnes

of the month on which the feast occurs, instead of arranging them alphabetically, is most puzzling. Under the name "Peter" are fifty-six entries. "Peter Nolascus," for instance, is placed before "Peter Damian," because his feast is on January 31st and the other on February 23rd. "Peter Urseolus" takes a long precedence of "Peter of Alcantara," because the feast of the first named is on January 10th and of the second on October 19th. As the date of a feast is not usually known until the name is found, this arrangement forms no guide whatever. All the same, the book is really useful; and, as we have nothing else like it, to many who want a handy book of reference concerning the saints it will be very welcome.

E. H.

FATHER MARTINDALE confesses a certain misgiving whether he may have "fallen between two stools" in writing *Mr. Francis Newnes* (Burns, Oates and Washbourne). Has he written something between a proper story and a book of instruction? Let him be reassured that the book is entirely according to immemorial rule—a picaresque novel. His position as author is "safe," not, as he fears, on the floor between those stools, but aloft, in motion, on a journey, as *Don Quixote* is. We might name *Treasure Island* and *Robinson Crusoe*; but not the famous Eighteenth Century novels, the journeying whereof is agile and nimble enough, but not lofty. Father Martindale sets out, Mr. Francis Newnes sets out, the other persons in the book set out, the reader sets out. There is adventure after adventure; a fried-fish shop is for the hero, a guild of advanced thought for one of the heroines. There is enterprise, pursuit, an end, nay, rather a goal, in the distance, not at hand.

This is not a book in which the story, according to the old joke, "comes round and is all square." This story is neither round nor square, it is rightly long, it is "produced," it travels through intimate human things into divine things far more intimate; it travels into and through the reader's heart. As we read we are wayfarers

Some Recent Books

through a number of greatly differing human lives, and load ourselves with the sorrows of more than one, and the sins—eventually the crime—of one who is a momentous man. The book is the book of a priest, and not merely a book by a priest. The author practises on every page as a priest to the men and women of his imagination: vigilant over two quite different women, two quite different young men, and the beloved man of the fried-fish who comes to the gibbet at last and to the arms of Christ. Here is the record of a long unsleeping friendship with a man to be at all costs rescued; a priest's apostolate at an afternoon party, at a village fair, and this last is noted with a masterly use of eyes and thought. Not a sight of the show, not an accent of the showman, is neglected; but all is presented rather than described. Never before have such things been shown to us through the light, and by the light, of sacerdotal eyes, and with the passion of a pastor's heart. For the whole book, brilliant with humour as it is, keen with irony and wit, watchful over things as they are, the most modern things in several classes; "movements"; the language of several grades; the deliberations of the author's friend, a corporal in the war, over the career to be entered upon—the fried-fish shop even more alluring than the "pub"; the trouble of a young, simple, educated man over love entangled with conscience:—all this and much more, for the book is thronged, all is divinity.

We have had a priest's thoughts before but surely never before, from within, a priest's agony. The shop has failed, but the corporal is in for other trouble:

I went out, but looked round, at the door, and was horror-struck to see him crouching there, his shoulders shaking. I didn't dare return, but through all the streets to the railway, and on the vacant haggard platform, and through the roar of the headlong journey homewards, I couldn't rid myself of the vision of the sobbing man; and not the fathomless black sky and the fields drowned in darkness seemed so lonely as his loneliness.

In his record of the retreat for men (a record that includes "breakfast was porridge and bacon," "dinner helped

St. Thomas of Canterbury

out by a dish that looked like tipsy cake, but wasn't"), Father Martindale observes his men :

I felt that never in my life should I be able to admire enough the amazing force of the *lived* Catholicism, the sturdy growth pushing itself up in souls distracted by Heaven knows what complications of our modern life.

On the other hand is Mr. McCurdy, who succeeded to the shop, and banged the intruding priest violently but not maliciously between the shoulders—Mr. McCurdy was not a Catholic—and told his visitor that "pulpit-mush don't go down nowadays."

Well, as has been said, the story goes on, goes beyond; the hero suffers for his crime; his gibbet is the humble thief's cross. But by the way, do we have glimpse enough, in the book, of compassion for the woman, the murdered member of the much-murdered sex? Another, but a very trivial, question: Why, in so perfect a dialogue (for Father Martindale is word-perfect in the dialect of the educated and the others alike) does he practise the facetious tricks of the common humorist, bantering the lodging-house keeper, and the corporal and their class, by spelling "wot"? Will Father Martindale put his hand on his heart, and say "what" otherwise? It is too true that you shall also find "ses" for "says" in the work of authors who should better trust their ears. Such things look funny but are not. Again, a lodging-house keeper who is printed "wot" does not say "It goes without saying"; the bad translation of French idioms is the slang of the "better" educated. But then, how well Father Martindale trusts his eyes! We could pardon many tricks on the ear for sake of the girl who, at the mention of the Renaissance, "looked yearningly before her." Thus delightful are such lightnesses in a book so solemn.

A. M.

WE doubt if *The Place of St. Thomas of Canterbury in History* has been better summarized than in Prof. Tout's sketch (Longmans). More than seven centuries have passed since the great Stephen Langton

Some Recent Books

celebrated the translation of the greater Becket (July 7th, 1220). St. Thomas stands out as the greatest figure in mediæval England, the first Englishman, perhaps, to become a great European, though his international fame was posthumous largely. It is interesting to apply Professor Tout's reasoned views to the rather *ex parte* views which have developed out of modern opinions rather than out of historical fact. The modern anticlerical who hails Henry II is as far astray as the nationalist who venerates St. Thomas.

It was only to a certain extent a contest between the state ecclesiastical and the state political. There were as many good churchmen against Thomas as there were for him in the six years' strife that preceded his catastrophe.

St. Thomas was a blunt and loyal Englishman, loyal according to feudal loyalty to his lord for the time being, not to King or Nation. As *familiaris* to the Archbishop of Canterbury he upheld the interests of the Church to the utmost, but as King's Chancellor he extracted whatever he could from the clergy to finance the King's campaigns in France. "The same principle of devoted service to his lord made Thomas as archbishop the protagonist of ecclesiastical freedom, and led him straight on to his martyrdom." The mediæval chancery again was not a modern chancery. It was administrative and, in St. Thomas's case, spread over the whole Angevin Empire:

Its sphere was not England—to call Thomas Chancellor of England is an elementary error. Its sphere . . . ranged from Scotland to the Pyrenees and included a third of modern France. The chancellor was the King's chancellor, not the chancellor of the kingdom.

St. Thomas almost combined the functions held to-day by Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Birkenhead and Lord Stamfordham. "Thomas then was the first of our great chancellors. He raised an important but unassuming court office into something approaching an independent political status." St. Thomas's conception of the Church

St. Thomas of Canterbury

was not ours, but mediæval. It was to him "a quasi-political conception . . . a great organized society, a sort of state over against the state, a super-state with a higher mission." Mediævals could understand what is so difficult to understand to-day, that he was only ordained on the eve of his consecration, and that he said his first Mass as Primate of England. His amazing zeal and loyalty were transferred straightway to the Pope. He preferred exile than submission to the Constitutions of Clarendon. In what he believed an essential struggle for the Church he had as bitter enemies Archbishop Roger of York and the Bishop of London. His fulmination against his brother of York for crowning the heir-apparent to the throne provoked the King's wrath and the tragedy of December 29th, commemorated for ever in the English Calendar. St. Thomas was nothing except an ecclesiastic during his life and a Saint afterwards. Professor Tout is of opinion that "he was neither a scholar nor a thinker. . . . He had little imagination or sympathy, little originality and not much sense of humour. His culture was limited, and so far as it went, was legal. . . . He was no theologian." It was John Bishop of Salisbury who made himself the brain of St. Thomas, to whom he dedicated his *Policraticus*. St. Thomas regarded the secular power from his point of view, which was that the *regnum* was the minister of the *sacerdotium*.

What we do not always realize is that in his lifetime there were scores of prelates who felt and behaved as St. Thomas. It was his unique death which affected his people: "After it, begins that posthumous history of Thomas of Canterbury, which alone has given the martyr his unique place in history." The point on which St. Thomas waged his obstinate resistance to the King appears obscure enough. The one definite point was that "Henry insisted that clerks accused of any misdeed should on summons appear before the court of the King's justice and thus recognize the Royal Supremacy." It should be remembered that not only were barons tried by barons, town men by their fellow-townsmen, but

Some Recent Books

even Jews by Jews, so that clerks had a real right to clerical courts. Henry's insistence would seem to have involved the Royal Supremacy over the Church, and this St. Thomas may have scented as Henry VIII certainly scented in him an enemy of the same. St. Thomas was not championing Englishmen against Normans, or resisting unconstitutional taxation. There was no such thing as a national Church or democratic ideals to inspire him. St. Thomas was fighting "the battle of ecclesiastical liberty, the supremacy of things of the mind and soul over things of the world and the body."

Professor Tout does not think there was any "clear-cut line of division between the policy of the King and that of the Archbishop. Henry himself would probably, like most men of the Twelfth Century, have accepted in essentials Thomas's general doctrine of the relations of Church and State. . . . It was not so much the clash of opposite principles as of opposite temperaments." Henry II and St. Thomas clashed where William I and Lanfranc could keep the peace. But Lanfranc went into history forgotten and uncanonized, while English history can never be rid of St. Thomas. "The literature, the social life, the language, the very oaths of Englishmen reflect the power of the dead Thomas over the mind of the everyday man." And perhaps the most curious survival of his influence occurs in the English Prayer Book where Sundays after Pentecost are described as after Trinity. "It was Archbishop Thomas, we are told, who first, in England, set apart the Octave of Pentecost for the special worship of the Holy Trinity, choosing the day not so much because it was the date of his episcopal consecration, but because it was the day of the first mass which the newly priested primate had ever sung. England, from his example, took up the new feast. It only gradually became general, but at last Thomas's device of a Trinity Sunday was ratified for the church universal by Pope John XXII, 170 years later, when the Sunday after Whitsunday was universally appointed as the day for the celebration of this feast." It is well to know that

A Great Mistake

any Englishman ever affected the Roman calendar. For this and much else we are grateful to Professor Tout's lucid and impartial treatise.

S. L.

“ I HAVE not felt I cared much ” (for religion) “ since I left Downside.” That is the opening confession of Geoffrey Lyster in *A Great Mistake* (Sands), by Mrs. G. J. Romanes. And so we enter at once upon the fray which is fought out to a finish in pages the least controversial in a wordy way, but reaching the real heart of controversy in the acts of its principal characters—and characters is really the word. Lady Meredith's determination not to obtrude her religion on the husband she has married to save her father's finances is the beginning of the end of controversy for him. But she has to become, indeed, a Confessor—a Confessor in deed, if not in word—before that end is reached. When her husband insists on her reading the Freethinkers to enlarge her mind, and forbids her to go to the altar except once at Easter, she refuses to obey. Then he orders her to rise from bed, and cuts her with his riding-whip. It is a sign of the author's sincerity of vision that there is no touch of jarring melodrama in that scene; nor even in the apparition of Lady Meredith's dead mother, who, before she died, had fore-lived this very scene in a dream. Sir Philip throws his whip away, and with it seems to pass out of him the demon that possessed him. His wife's unflinching courage, her resulting illness and her foiled hopes of maternity, make the ultimate appeal to her husband which he needed. By silence and by suffering she has won the victory words would never achieve. Her Jesuit uncle, Father Lyster, “ of F—— Street ” (why dash it ?) does the rest. The brute who would beat his wife may seem not a convert worth the counting, and to make him so seem is Mrs. Romanes's achievement, attained without strain, without style, and simply, as we say again, by the implicit sincerity of her own heart and mind.

Another conversion made in the book under *force majeure* is that of a French girl, hard as nails and yet

Some Recent Books

frivolous as frilling, who becomes an unmarried mother; and who, in the care and love devoted by Lady Meredith to her, as to any other human proxy of Christ, finds the first appeal made to her soul to which her soul is able to respond. Here, again, we have an abnormal situation made convincingly normal; and the sequel, in the case of Jeanne Pellerat, as in that of Sir Philip Meredith, unfolds and sustains the supernatural in a manner which transforms and enlarges without contradicting the natural. Perhaps, on the purely natural side, we find it all too good to be true. Geoffrey Lyster not only resumes his Downside pieties, but becomes also the heir to an unexpected peerage; and Jeanne Pellerat marries her nice Doctor Leserre. It may be that Mrs. Romanes has too keen a sense of the social proprieties—her heroine (and a real one) at the end of the book admits as much for herself: "I used to care so much about society with a big S." Mrs. Craven wrote *The Sister's Story*, but she said and begged prayers for her own success in finding a really fit lady's-maid! Are these two Mrs. Cravens irreconcilable? A good maid meant so much to her—and, if it comes to that, to her work for Heaven in literature and in life. But what of the blameless women dying of uttermost want and degradation for whom nobody—if that is not a rash generality—was praying and whom certainly nobody was relieving? We think we get a moment's glimpse of Heaven's impatience with the infinitely less pressing petitions, until we pacify ourselves with that wonderfully tolerant and inclusive formula—these things we should have done and not have left the others undone. Mrs. Romanes has an allusion to the *Récit d'une Sœur* which makes us know how she has loved it, and which has lured us to a digression. Other favourite books of hers she names—to our delight. To meet a mention of your favourite books is, in its degree, what Stevenson, after crossing the confined scrublands Across the Plains, said the open land was—it was "like meeting your wife." Another character of the book, Lady Merkes, a Jewess before she became a Catholic (Mrs. Romanes, a convert

The Light on the Lagoon

herself, lives in the convert world), had been reading a volume of poems by Francis Thompson, and could hardly talk of anything else. So Lady Meredith, the Catholic, obliges the Jewess by repeating by heart *The Hound of Heaven*, and an Anglican lady present says: "How wonderful of you to remember it all! I remember hearing the Bishop of London quoting it in a sermon. And, dear Lady Merkes, here are we three, all so divergent in our creeds, and yet meeting. Margaret" (Lady Meredith) "would say that Francis Thompson would like to lead us two further." For even these minor pleasures of allusion in her book, the meetings that make us feel at home with her and with it, Mrs. Romanes has our thanks.

D. L.

MISS ISABEL C. CLARKE, too, in *The Light on the Lagoon*, tells the story of a conversion, but with a difference. The mechanism, so to call it, of Catholicism has not, in her pages, a constantly recurring mention. Sydney Flood, a young woman of artistic tastes that rather jar with her mother's conventions, has the heart-hunger for which tea-parties and picnics do not suffice in "the narrow bijou house in Mayfair, where Lady Flood lived uncomfortably in order that her address might be what is known as 'good.'" Sydney breaks with her mother, goes to Venice, falls in and out of love, and finally (we learn from the publisher's manifesto rather than from the author herself) "finds relief in the Catholic faith and becomes the happy wife of a barrister who has long been in love with her." Three hundred pages are taken in the telling, which is, indeed, a relic of the days when writers were prolix instead of impressionary, and when, no doubt, the Lady Floods did still like "good" addresses, not as in these post-diluvian times when Bedford Square or Smith Street has a *chic* lacking in Belgravia.

All the same, granting her methods, Miss Clarke does her work well, and has her assured public. The book's title belongs to the time when Sydney made her first visit to Venice, and when a shrine of the Madonna and Child,

Some Recent Books

with a light burning in front of it, stood up out of the lagoon to be in her fancy a life-beacon and a best friend, as such things may and will, in the case of the impressionable and the lonely. Sydney finds among Venetian pictures another inspiration—the picture in San Giorgio of the Coronation, with the young St. Placid looking upwards, a nail in his forehead. Was such passion of faith in martyr or in painter to be found in the world to-day? she asked herself. A curiosity, perhaps, distracted her from making an answer to her question: “You know, of course,” (said Clive) “that when a cat is introduced into a picture of the Last Supper it is intended to symbolize treachery. You’ll find it in many of the old pictures—Ghirlandaio’s, for instance, in St. Mark’s, Florence. And the dog, in the same way, represents fidelity.” That fatuous feline fiction some readers may recall from their first German class-book, where the exercise opened with the sentiment, “The dog is true, the cat is false.” We know better now; cat and dog are as nearly allied in fidelity as, say, Catechism and Dogma. Whatever the attraction that Art may legitimately lend to Religion, whatever the Romance may be of Rome, Sydney knew that the convert needs to be much more than an æsthete—must be made of sterner stuff. It came home to her, as it comes home to all who are really concerned, that “it wants a great deal of courage to become a Catholic.” Back in Mayfair, she finds herself in South Street, and remembers that there is a church close by, and, after a moment’s hesitation in the cobbled street, goes up to the door and pushes it open:

Here surely she could recover something of that passionate sense of spiritual things she had known in Venice. There were flowers in profusion before a statue of Our Lady, dimly visible in the dusk. And before the Altar of the Sacred Heart, where many thousands of converts have made their abjuration, a red lamp burned. Sydney knelt there for a long time in quiet prayer. The stillness, the silence, the holy atmosphere of the church, with its Living and Listening Presence, soothed her. And, as she prayed, her faith seemed to leap upwards in her heart like a

Life of Lord Salisbury

flame. If she did not follow where it led, the sin of apostasy, she knew, would be hers.

So, when a friend asks her that night if she is sure she ought to become a Catholic, she can answer: "I'm quite sure about that. I spent a long time in Farm Street this evening. I saw everything quite clearly."

Lord Knutsford, writing lately, seemed to make it almost a charge against someone that he dotted his i's and crossed his t's. We own to liking those letters to be thus dotted and crossed. But once is enough; and Miss Clarke's tendency is to dot and cross twice. Yet readers who would, presumptuously perhaps, restrain her in one department, would gladly see her even expand herself in another. There is too little of herself to be seen. We recall only one *obiter dictum* in all her three hundred close pages, and the quality of it makes us wish for more. She notes the subtle secret alliance that may arise among guests as against a host and hostess—"an alliance defensive rather than offensive. Perhaps fewer house-parties than is commonly supposed have been perfectly free from this vaguely apprehended *esprit de corps*." D. L.

THE filial piety of Lady Gwendolen Cecil has made a three-decker out of the *Life of Lord Salisbury* (Hodder and Stoughton), of which two volumes have been now published while the third and most interesting is yet to come. It must be confessed that the first two make stiff reading, for not only was Salisbury a heavy letter writer, but the very straw with which Lady Gwendolen has made her bricks is gathered out of ponderous articles in the *Quarterly Review*. For a long time Lord Robert was a younger son and found it necessary to eke his livelihood out of the Press. Besides his contributions to the *Quarterly* and the *Saturday Review*, Lady Gwendolen does not seem aware that he was the first English Premier who served the Daily Press in his youth. Hereby hangs a tale. A journalist, Charles Williams, recalled going to his office one night just before closing hours and finding Lord Robert Cecil sitting there. When he learnt that he had

Some Recent Books

been put on the staff, Williams taught him the ropes. In years to come his protégé became Foreign Secretary and to the end of his stay in office Salisbury always admitted Williams and gave him a few minutes of conversation, even if the German Ambassador was kept waiting. His gratitude to his old mentor should not be forgotten.

To return to the book, Lord Salisbury appeared first as a "frail little lower boy writing clever essays" at Eton, where he was unmercifully bullied until his father took pity and removed him. "I am obnoxious to them all," he wrote home, "because I can do verses but will not do them for others." So terrified was he of his Etonian companions that he spent his holidays creeping about mews and alleys in London for fear of meeting any of them. The British aristocracy was certainly put through a mill. Lord Robert was delicate and showed little in common with his grandmother, who rode to hounds at eighty and was burnt alive at eighty-five! At seven years of age Lord Robert acted as a page at Queen Victoria's coronation, little dreaming that he would be Prime Minister at her death. After taking his degree at Oxford by virtue of a nobleman's privilege, he travelled to Australia, which he found in the throes of a gold rush, and compared, we should like to know with what justice, with California under a similar social strain. "The rush of population was nearly if not quite as great; the country in which the gold lay was as wild and desolate, but the Government was of the Queen, not of the mob; from above, not from below, and therefore instead of murders, rapes and robberies daily, Lynch law and a Committee of Vigilance, there was less crime than in a large English town." Happy Australia!

He made his mark on entering Parliament as an unrelenting Tory and a cynical journalist. His use of irony, defined in the book as "a contrast vividly presented between truth and appearance," became famous. He was remarkable for his dislike and suspicion of his party leader, Mr. Disraeli, in whom he put no real trust from the first to the last, though in 1861 he wrote, "Dizzy converted from evil ways has since behaved like an angel. My idea of

Life of Lord Salisbury

angelic behaviour consists of supporting Palmerston and opposing Bright on all possible occasions." Though Dizzy claimed to be on the side of the angels in religion, Salisbury's High Church creed was instinctively antagonized by Dizzy's attempts to put down Ritualism, "the Mass in masquerade," by Act of Parliament. It was remarkable that both Salisbury and Gladstone were passionate amateur theologians. We read a most thrilling account of Professor Clifford's statement that Christianity could not be neutral, but, having destroyed two civilizations, must eventually destroy the third which it had even made and been rejected by. Salisbury's "voice and manner, as these reflections developed, grew heavily oppressed, and his eyes seemed to be filled with a vision of gloom as he dwelt with unforgettable emphasis upon the tragedy which would be involved in such a catastrophe." In a sense he was a fatalist. He felt the burden of decision, but not of responsibility. "With the results I have nothing to do."

His irony was as constant as his Conservatism. "First-rate men will not canvass mobs, and if they did the mobs would not elect the first-rate men!" A Philistine, he said of Matthew Arnold's famous coinage, is one who is "assailed by the jawbone of an ass." Reform of the Ballot, he said, would lead to conditions when "the rich would pay all the taxes and the poor make all the laws," which are certainly dawning on post-war England. He said that Gladstone's course "was worthy of an attorney rather than a statesman," and being called to order he gravely apologized to the race of attorneys! Competitive examinations he grimly but truly described as "bestowing of appointments not upon persons who were qualified for them, but upon those who had shown their fitness for something else." But there was no cynicism in his devotion to the Confederacy. The American Confederates won the English Conservatives by "the fascinating genius of the Southern Generals, the heroism of their long-drawn-out resistance, the tragedy of the final struggle, hopeless but undaunted against overwhelming odds."

Some Recent Books

Under Derby, Salisbury became Indian Secretary while Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lady Gwendolen expresses the full measure of Cecilian contempt for Salisbury's colleague. "Those of his opinions which could claim the permanent quality of principles had their origin in his imagination and not in his reason. He saw visions. He did not draw conclusions"; and again, "He was always making use of convictions that he did not share, pursuing objects which he could not avow." The Disraelian "atmosphere of pervading falseness culminated in the cynical audacities of 1867" whereby Disraeli astutely dished the Whigs by introducing Liberal reform of the franchise as a Conservative measure! The Cabinet were only given the new franchise figures a little before they were introduced into the House. Salisbury promptly "threw himself upon the figures and worked at them all through the Sunday night, proving to his satisfaction that they would produce a certainty of complete democratic domination." As a Tory, Salisbury cleverly estimated the Whigs. "Their hatred of Gladstone almost exceeds, if that be possible, our hatred of Dizzy!" When the new franchise came, Salisbury had the wisdom of accepting it and waiting for the next time that the country would be going to the dogs, and the constitution be imperilled. His daughter says, "His acceptances were always without reserve. He might have perished in Sodom or found salvation in Zoar. He never would have incurred the fate of Lot's wife." Lord Salisbury and two others resigned. When Derby twitted Lady Salisbury with, "Is Robert still doing his sums?" she replied, "Yes, and he has reached rather a curious result. Take three from fifteen and nothing remains!"

The death of his father transferred him from the House of Commons to the Lords, but with an incorruptible reputation. When his political career seemed to be in ashes, his leadership was destined to begin. "The fact remains that, had the world been ordered as he willed it, the opportunity would not have been offered." His powerful and balanced views came to be regarded as the typical

Life of Lord Salisbury

views which Englishmen liked to find themselves holding. What they could not bear to hear from a foreigner they enjoyed hearing from Salisbury. Of England's betrayal of Denmark, he wrote, "Her pledges and her threats are gone with last year's snow, and she is content to watch with cynical philosophy the destruction of those who trusted to the one and the triumph of those who were wise enough to spurn the other."

As a boy he was a botanist and as a statesman he found consolation in chemistry. He studied the spectroscope and was the first to draw the scientific conclusion "that a gas of low temperature could emit a bright spectrum," which as a phrase would rather well describe him as a conversationalist. He was accused of "blazing indiscretions," which his daughter softened into "provocative candour." Disraeli described him as "a great master of gibes and flouts and jeers." Referring to this criticism, he wrote that Dizzy's fatal habit was "giving more consideration to the one trimmer who wants humouring than to the ninety and nine staunch men who need no persuasion." As Indian Secretary he never feared Russia like the Viceroy and his militarists. As for Afghanistan, "English rupees would try conclusions with Russian roubles in the zenana and the divan." The whole of the second volume is crushed under the cloud of the Eastern Question. The division of Turkey troubled that generation. Sometimes Salisbury showed wonderful flashes of foresight, seeing that Prussia and not Russia was the ultimate enemy. As for the Balkan properties of Turkey, he wrote in 1876: "It cannot be left as a no-man's-land. But the division of that kind of jetsam is peculiarly difficult. If the Powers quarrel over it, the calamities of a gigantic war must be undergone. If they agree, people call it a partition and denounce it as immoral." As for Austria, "her vocation in Europe is gone. She was a counterpoise to France and a barrier against Russia."

Salisbury was appointed to the Berlin Congress which he thought "not at all in my line, involving sea-sickness, much French and failure." The subtleties of that

Some Recent Books

period of international chess appear in his private letters. For instance, "Matters have got to a curious pass. Russia is precisely in the position of Bob Acres. She is making the most undignified struggles to be forced by the other powers into abandoning the Christians . . . meanwhile Germany is playing the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger and is assuring Russia there is very snug lying in the Abbey."

Two extracts from letters to Lytton, the Indian Viceroy in 1877, were pregnant: "Discounting Russia as mined by revolution, on the very brink of bankruptcy, and having to contend even in the defence of her own frontiers against enormous distances, she seems to me powerless for a distant blow. If any dangers threaten England they are much nearer home and will come from a far more formidable military power"; and "The policy or terrors of Bismarck may again become uncontrollable . . . it is quite conceivable that if things go wrong we may be fighting for Holland before two years are out." Substituting Belgium for Holland would have made it tolerably correct in 1914. Again he prophesied, "Germany will have become a naval power" in 1877; though he added, "These are dreams. English policy is to float lazily downstream, occasionally putting out a diplomatic boathook to avoid collisions." He wrote to India, "My impression is still that Berlin is the centre of the great European intrigue and that Turkey is a mere accident," as Serbia was in 1914. But he was tired of scares. "If you believe the doctors, nothing is wholesome. If you believe the theologians, nothing is innocent. If you believe the soldiers, nothing is safe." He had vision without action. He could foresee but he could not avert. He let events pass over his head.

His biographer claims that he very seldom succumbed to the temptation of bluffing, but we can think of one. On page 270 we read, "Was there any truth in the rumour that the eyes of French statesmen were turned towards Tunis? It is, of course, an extension of French territory and influence of which we should not have the slightest jealousy or fear." At Berlin in conversation he gave the same assurance more directly to M. Waddington.

Life of Lord Salisbury

On page 294 we learn that "The Anglo-Turkish Convention giving Cyprus to England was scooped by the *Daily Telegraph* and printed before it was announced in the House." Salisbury wrote, "I had just had copies made when I heard of the *Daily Telegraph's* indiscretion. Fortunately, very fortunately, Waddington had been squared the day before." But we are not told how he was squared. But Waddington, who represented France at the Congress, told Knowles, of the *Nineteenth Century*, who repeated it to Cardinal Manning. England had arranged with the Turk to take over Cyprus, but it was to be kept secret. Unfortunately the Sultan told his barber, who told an English journalist, who went to the Foreign Office, announced the coming publication of the secret and gave the authorities twelve hours in which to make their preparations. It could only be announced in the House the afternoon after its publication, but Disraeli and Salisbury were informed in Berlin and had no choice but to go to Waddington, who said that the French were the only people who would have a right to raise an objection, but they would not do so if England agreed to their having Tunis. In this way Waddington was squared the day before. Some years later the French took Tunis and Lord Granville, who was Foreign Secretary, made no protest, for which he was roundly abused by Lord Salisbury. Granville never used the papers which lay to his hand in the Foreign Office. Altogether, it was as strange a tale as imaginable. It was possible that the promise of Tunis was Disraeli's or that Salisbury had clean forgotten. He suffered from extraordinary defects of memory. For instance, he forgot the features of Ministers serving in his own Cabinet. Once he inquired for the name of the stranger seated at a dinner on his left, Lady Gwendolin tells us. "It was W. H. Smith, who had been his colleague in office for many years and who was at that moment in almost daily communication with himself!"

We can add a similar story. After the Boer War Salisbury took aside an elderly neighbour at a party and remained all the afternoon in earnest conversation with

Some Recent Books

him under the false impression that he was Lord Roberts. Like the Duke of Norfolk he was distinguished for the shabbiness of his clothes, and was once refused admittance to the Casino at Monte Carlo on that account. At that moment he was Prime Minister of England. As Prime Minister during the Boer War he never lost his unkind irony. After the initial disasters he suggested that England should advertise for a General. The illustrations exactly fit the epigram that he looked like "Jove's head on a buffalo's body." He was the last and greatest of the Tories.

S. L.

THIS first volume of a new French edition of Plato (*Platon, Œuvres Complètes: Tome I*) forms part of the "Collection des Universités de France." It contains the *Hippias Minor*, *Alcibiades I*, *Apology*, *Euthyphro*, and *Crito* in the Greek text prepared by that well-known scholar, Prof. Maurice Croiset, together with a general Introduction and short Prefaces to each of the dialogues. In the Introduction we are given a brief but sufficient biography of Plato, a classification of the dialogues in the supposed order of their production, and some information about the Platonic manuscripts; the Prefaces deal mainly with the subject-matter of the special dialogues. The text is framed on sound conservative lines, varying but little from that of Burnet, except for a slightly greater preference for the readings of the Bodleian MS. It contains few notable innovations; and in one place (*Apol.* 35 B) where the Editor writes "*ἡμᾶς* scripsi," as if his correction were novel, the "*ἡμᾶς*" is already to be found in the text of the Loeb edition. It is worth noting that the authenticity of *Alcibiades I* is here defended, as against Dittman and others; but we still hold, with Raeder, that this is very doubtful. Another curious statement is that the number of judges at the trial of Socrates was 502; so far as we know, most of the authorities put it at 501.

The bold black type used for the text will prove a boon to many readers; and it is to be hoped that this

The Evolution of the Dragon

attractive issue will add to the number of the students of the greatest Master of ancient philosophy. No doubt many will look forward with keen interest to the appearance of the remaining twelve volumes of this fine edition of the *Platonic Corpus*, and wish all good success to its courageous promoters.

R. G. B.

PROFESSOR ELLIOT SMITH'S book on *The Evolution of the Dragon* (Manchester University Press) is, we need hardly say, having regard to its author's reputation, a very learned and interesting essay, tinged here and there with the touches of humour. The main thesis is one that he has expounded before; for, in the long controversy between those who believe in the dissemination of all important ideas from one central point, and those who favour several centres of independent origin, he is a strenuous supporter of the former. He says: "Until very definite and conclusive evidence is forthcoming in any individual case, it can safely be assumed that no ethnologically significant innovation in customs or beliefs has ever been made twice." For this, no doubt, there is a great deal to be said; and the writer of the book has no difficulty in showing some of the weaknesses of the contrary school, particularly as exemplified in Frazer's well-known works, full as they are of excellent facts and ill-found conclusions.

But one has to distinguish. It is absurd to imagine that every story and custom *must* have been disseminated. The parable of the body and its members is to be found in our Bible and in the sacred writings of other faiths; yet it is not necessary to suppose that one has borrowed from the other. The instance is so obvious that it may well have occurred to a score of thinkers in a score of different parts of the world. And we see no reason to suppose that the writer is correct when he states that all Round Towers, including those in Ireland, are directly or indirectly derived from the pharos at Alexandria. Here again the Round Tower is not a thing of such com-

Some Recent Books

plicated character that it might not have suggested itself to various minds in various places. But the writer has made up his mind that the nucleus of civilization was in Egypt, a country with which he is very familiar. Most people nowadays hold that somewhere around the Mediterranean basin was the centre from which all the early and great advances of the human race sprang. It is Egypt to our author, but not to all. Since this book appeared, M. Autran, a very eminent scholar of the École des Hautes Études, has vehemently opposed this doctrine; and his knowledge of the past languages and history of the Near and Far East is beyond dispute. According to his view, it is a mere fantasy to think that sedentary races which, for the past three thousand years have never given evidence of any activities worth mentioning, should have exercised such influence; and in this he includes the dwellers in Mesopotamia, whom some have thought to have played the rôle in question: "Ce n'est ni chez les indigènes de l'Égypte ni chez ceux de Mésopotamie qu'il faut aller rechercher les origines de notre culture." So he puts it in his work on the Phœnicians, to whom he assigns the major part in the beginnings of civilization, thinking of them as one of those small groups of people, like the Norman race, which have acted as vigorous "ferments" in the paste of early man. We have preferred to deal with the writer's main thesis rather than to pursue the particular arguments respecting Incense and Libations, the Birth of Aphrodite, and the Dragon Myth, with which the book is concerned as part of the evidence which seems to him to point in the direction of single centres of origin for really significant ethnological ideas or objects.

B. C. A. W.

THE very useful manual by Father Thomas Slater, S.J., *On the Morals of To-day* (Burns, Oates and Washbourne), deals partly with questions of Moral Theology and Canon Law, and also with the ethics of social questions such as strikes and the Profiteering Act of 1919. The

On the Morals of To-day

discussions on the law of marriage, as fixed by the new code of Canon Law, particularly the chapter on the *Impedimentum disparitatis cultus*, or difference of worship, include opinions put forward by Father Slater purposely to invite discussion by Canonists and Moral-theologians. One thing is brought home to the mind of the average clerical reader by such discussions—namely, that the Codex and its language are highly technical, and full of pitfalls for those who think Canon Law can be mastered by a cursory reading of the new Code. The short chapter on strike-ethics will inform Catholics who are frequently asked what is their attitude towards strikes organized by ordinary workers and by those employed by the State, such as policemen and soldiers. With the general principles enunciated by Father Slater, few will be disposed to disagree; but the complex question of how far the employer can go in cutting down the earnings of the worker in the interest of his own business in particular, or of employers in general, is by no means simple; as in spite of many attempts to protect the worker by State intervention a strike may be, in some cases, the only weapon left to him with which to fight. The sinister fact that the Wages Boards set up by the Government to regulate wages mainly for the unskilled and unorganized workers have, in certain cases, been ignored by employers who, on prosecution and conviction, were let off by magistrates as first offenders, is bound to cause grave suspicion and distrust of the sincerity of the Government in its dealings with the unorganized workers. No one can doubt that strikes often inflict grievous injury on national prosperity and trade; but it is equally true that, were there no Trade Unions with the power to resist the cutting-down of the earnings of the workers, by strikes if need be, wages would be reduced to a level of something little more than a bare subsistence. But all this opens up the large question of the relations between Capital and Labour, and the respective duties of both sections of the community.

W. F. B.

Some Recent Books

DR. D. McNAUGHT, in *The Truth about Burns* (Maclehose and Jackson), makes a vigorous attempt to vindicate the poet against many of his biographers and critics. W. E. Henley, for one, took a very severe view of the treatment Jean Armour received from Burns, both before and after marriage, and of the immoral influence of several of his poems and songs. Henley was also very scathing about the "Highland Mary myth," as he calls it, and would have nothing to do with the theory that she was a "white lily" and a beautiful romantic influence in the poet's life. Dr. McNaught hardly succeeds in his attempt to show that Burns was anything but a very immoral man in his relations with women, quite apart from the evil social environment in which he found himself at Edinburgh after he had become famous. Nor does he succeed in clearing Burns of the charge of deliberate indecency, not only in the notorious "Merry Muses of Caledonia," but in various poems and songs which, strange to say, are published uncensored in popular editions. It is true he shows that "John Anderson, my Jo" and "Comin' thro' the Rye," both of them very familiar popular songs, were originally so grossly offensive that they had to be toned down before they could be given to the public. As to the "Merry Muses," a collection of such a character that it is kept in the "private case" at the British Museum, Dr. McNaught is probably quite right in maintaining that much of the matter was not written by Burns; but it is beyond doubt that he deliberately made a collection of gross Scottish ballads and folk songs and added others, the work of his own perverted genius. He may have attempted to limit its circulation by not giving it to print; and before his death he seems to have wished to recall such unworthy matter. But a man must be judged by the effects his deliberate actions are likely to produce, and not by vain regrets for the evil they may have caused. Competent authorities say that Burns is very little read by the Scottish people now, and that the figures of the sales of his work are no true index to the national devotion to their chief poet.

Mary Davies and Ebury

It is alleged that, in a popular collection of his poems and songs, only a few, and most of them very sentimental in character, appeal to the popular taste. That this view is correct can easily be demonstrated by the experience of speakers who quote from the poet when addressing a popular audience: it will be found that the bulk of the people are as ignorant of Burns as a modern English audience is of the characters in Dickens. The book contains an excellent bibliography, and several very important letters and extracts from Public Records not to be found in other books.

W. F. B.

MR. CHARLES GATTY has touched on matters piquant to our Catholic ancestors in his account of *Mary Davies and the Manor of Ebury* (Cassell). He proves once more that there is more romance and marvel in English family history than in foreign fiction. It will be impossible to walk down Davies Street in future without thinking furiously, for it is named after the heiress, who married Sir Thomas Grosvenor, ancestor of the Westminster Dukes, and became a Catholic convert about the end of Charles the Second's reign. She was doubtless influenced by Catholic neighbours in Cheshire like the Masseys of Puddington Hall and the second Earl of Peterborough, a convert himself. The last Catholic owner of Eaton was Richard Grosvenor who died in 1542, and "the faith which had been his consolation had become a source of embarrassment to his descendants." There had been a slight Catholic movement, for the House of Commons were informed that "Mr. William and Mr. Charles Cecil, brothers of the Earl of Salisbury, were by the said Earl taken from Eton School and sent into France." At the same time, Lord Peterborough took his boy from Eton and sent him to the Jesuits' school at the Savoy. Mr. Gatty is a Catholic, but he cannot make out any case for some of the old Jacobites, whom in principles he thinks "as defunct as the Jebusites."

Sir Thomas Grosvenor died in 1700 leaving the use of

Some Recent Books

Eaton to his wife. The day before his funeral, enter the villain of the piece ! Father Ludovick Fenwick of Bywell in Northumberland, a Benedictine monk, who, with his sister, conducted the widow to Paris, which was full of Jacobites and where the exiled king touched the sister's child. Lady Grosvenor then dismissed her old servants and set out for the Jubilee in Rome, Clement the Eleventh then gloriously reigning. The date is marked in English literature by George Farquhar's two comedies about the Jubilee. Poor Lady Grosvenor wrote from Rome, "I am clogged with princes and princesses and palaces. I hope to die a country farmer." Her behaviour had become strange, and on her return to Paris sick, Father Fenwick married her in her hotel to his brother Edward, against all Tridentine regulations ! Not only was she sick and reluctant, but the Fenwicks were accused of putting black grains in her poached eggs. Edward was arrested by the Lieutenant of Paris, and must have come within reasonable reach of the Wheel. War breaking out with England, the Jacobites procured his release. The case came before an English jury as soon as Fenwick claimed the Grosvenor rents. Fenwick was of good family and educated at Douay. A Northumbrian clique of Delavals and Ratcliffes supported Fenwick's claims, and though the defence proved madness on her part and villainy on Fenwick's, the verdict went against the lady. It cannot have been regarded as a Catholic plot to obtain her goods, as there were Catholics on both sides, and Bishop Ellis wrote from Rome to say "that indiscreet monk f. Lawr. fenwick" had had no Roman faculties to perform the marriage. The Chief Justice Holt thought that "if the best comes to the best it is not a respectable marriage." The tragedy became comic when a Protestant Quixote Colonel Culpeper rushed in (with a character from Cervantes and a name from Dickens) and claimed the lady as his wife, married secretly before she fell into the hands of the Popish Fenwicks. And he too began to sue the unfortunate Grosvenor tenants for rent. Culpeper an F.R.S., was mulcted of a hand for striking Lord

Mary Davies and Ebury

Devonshire in the King's Court and left twenty volumes of encyclopædic MS. to posterity. He was a mad inventor and he claimed a mad bride. As Mr. Gatty says, "When the orbits of these tragic comedians coincided, the Colonel was 63 years of age, a needy, flighty, broken-down remnant, and Lady Grosvenor herself was in a fairly irresponsible state of intellect. A pathetic couple, one unhinged by wealth, the other by poverty, but each possessed by the demon of dignity, she babbling of Princes and Cardinals and he drivelling about doughty deeds for Grand Dukes."

The marriage was annulled on appeal and the future goldmine of the Grosvenor estate was withheld from the Fenwicks and from Catholic influences. After Mr. Gatty's exposure and Mr. Birrell's pillorying in the *Times*, one is anxious to know if anything can be said for Fenwick and what record the English Benedictines keep of his name. We are obliged to the learned archivists of Ampleforth and Downside for light. Father Lewis—in religion Lawrence—Fenwick was elected Provincial of York Province, the Northern Benedictine division. Subsequent to the Grosvenor trial, and for reason ungiven, such strong objection was made to his election that the General Chapter exercised a power they had and appointed another Father in his place, a legitimate but unprecedented act. At the same time, whatever was petitioned against him was rejected as non-proven. At the General Chapter of 1717 he was, however, elected President of the Congregation, for which he seems to have been intriguing. Recourse was had to the Holy See and after some time the election was declared invalid, but was remedied by a *sanatio*. According to Allanson, "President Fenwick had never been popular with the members of his own convent, but being a person of considerable ambition he was determined, if possible, to perpetuate his term of office and to luxuriate in power while he enjoyed it." He held the Chapter of 1721 in London instead of Douay, so that his supporters might outnumber the opposition. Though forbidden by the Holy See, he "held a conventicle" in London and was re-elected President.

Some Recent Books

Owing to his debts he spent eight years in gaol. By 1727 he could write in a letter, "I have not been master of £5 these fifteen months. I have not necessary clothes to my back, and have been many months forced to sculk." The Fathers offered him a complete whitewash if he would make submission and beg pardon. This he refused, but of their charity they voted him a little money while he was in prison. At the Chapter of 1745 he seemed disposed at last to submit, and his return to his convent was arranged, but he died on June 4th, 1746, miserably and alone. It is a sad story. Black sheep were rare in those times and the most that can be said is that he wished to rehabilitate the fortunes of an impoverished Catholic family, as well as to keep Lady Grosvenor within Catholic influences. He might very well have done worse. He might have married the lady himself. It is not for us to judge him, for God alone knoweth the heart. S. L.

MR. J. M. KEYNES is anxious for a *Revision of the Treaty* (Macmillan) and after two years he will find less disagreement with his proposals than he encountered when he first foresaw less smooth consequences as a result of smooth-tongued decisions. Where those consequences have not been fulfilled it will be found that the Allied Governments have feared to face them. So the Treaty hangs, a misery and a curse to hesitating victor and impotent vanquished. On the whole "it was not wise, partly impossible and endangered the life of Europe." Versailles loosed a Frankenstein monster, and two years have been spent whittling away its teeth. Mr. Keynes begins to show traces of bitterness when he mentions its contrivers, though Mr. Lloyd George does evil that he may eventually bring in a good compromise: "This Faustus of ours shakes too quickly his kaleidoscope of haloes and hell fire." For the overgrown child called the Public there was, perhaps, nothing but to let it have its way, "the traditional wisdom of statesmen and nursemaids." If it must burn its fingers, "praise therefore the beauty of the flames he wishes to touch." Though

Revision of the Treaty

Englishmen really thought they were going to make a golliwog of the Kaiser, few probably ever believed in the indemnity. Mr. Keynes never believed, even in days when it was "an act of futile indiscretion to speak sensibly in public."

With the French it was different. They believed, and now feel as bitterly as they ever did over the lost millions of Panama, and as ironically as over the phantom hoard which lay in Madame Humbert's safe. We begin to realize the meaning of these years of conventions and agreements and ultimatums. Mr. Lloyd George, finding the Treaty impossible or at least a tight press, has alternately pushed the French and menaced the Germans until it only remains for him to swing the circle and fight a General Election on the plea that Germany now must not pay! The economists in Germany could always show "that no plan politically possible in France was economically possible in Germany," and economical trouble in Germany upsets English markets. So a strange fate forced the master-statesmen of the world "to meet day after day to discuss detailed variations of what they knew to be impossible." The only substantial reparation was paid in coal, but this necessitated a dole towards feeding the German miners, and Germany was paid five gold marks for each ton. In six months France and Belgium were glutted with coal, and some actually had to be sold to exporters, which, in view of coal freightage, entailed "preposterous waste." The Germans find themselves in the curious dilemma that if they keep their coal cheap they undersell England, but if they increase its national price they increase the credits due to them for Reparation in goods. The curve that Reparations have taken may be guessed from the fact that in 1920 Mr. Keynes "suffered widespread calumny for fixing on the figure of 137 milliards," but the second Conference of London fixed on fewer. In his opinion the Settlement of London produced a breathing space, but nothing permanent. If Germany is forced to overpay France, she will be forced economically to undersell England.

Some Recent Books

Mr. Keynes therefore recommends describing "a reduction in our demands as a prohibition to Germany against developing a nefarious competitive trade." Nor was the collapse of the mark a plot since "it had to fall to a value at which new buyers would come forward or at which sellers would hold off." It appears that, apart from materials, the money obtained from Germany just about covered the costs of collecting the expenses of occupation. Three years of Reparations has even left England seven millions down, assuming the Cologne army cost fifty millions !

Mr. Keynes is severe in his criticisms, and to our mind only makes Mr. Lloyd George out to be far cleverer than the public can ever imagine. It is pleasant to record his admiration for Foch's humane attitude during the negotiations and for the patient industry of the French peasants who, careless of their screaming politicians, repaired the bulk of the devastation before Germany had paid anything. Another honourable mention is scored by the American Delegation, who on the quibbled question whether pensions could be charged under Reparations, "to their lasting credit stood firm for the law, and it was the President and he alone who capitulated to the lying exigencies of politics." Mr. Keynes' words have been no light weight since the Polish Diet solemnly debated one of his footnotes. We hope the American Congress will adopt his view on remitting all international debts.

S. L.

WE welcome Baron Friedrich von Hügel's *Essays and Addresses on the Philosophy of Religion* (Dent) as the most powerful and persuasive piece of fundamental Catholic Apologetic that has appeared in English for many years. It cannot become popular ; it is sure to be —indeed already has been—misinterpreted. But the world to which the Baron addresses himself, if comparatively a small one, is influential ; it comprises a great number of the non-Catholic intellectuals, by whom he is listened to, at the very least, with respect ; and his fine

Philosophy of Religion

qualities of mind and heart excite admiration even where his teachings do not win agreement.

The eleven papers here published are ranged under three headings. In the first section there are four, "concerning religion in general and Theism." Where he deals with such matters as man's responsibility with regard to religion, he brings out the greater heinousness of spiritual sins, such as pride and self-sufficiency, as compared with the viler sins of the flesh; and incidentally, but with power and depth, he rebuts the evolutionary account of Original Sin. He deals, too, with the fundamental objections brought by those who hold that all religion is based upon illusion; with the revelational quality of religion, and its intimations of superhuman reality; and with the relations—varying, unequal, complicated—between man's progress in religion and his progress in the other deepest and highest but essentially natural activities and faculties, artistic, scientific, ethical, together with a consideration of the objections occasioned by religious intolerance and persecution in the name of God. The paper, dealing with the "preliminaries to religious belief," is a letter "written to V.N. on the death, after a long illness, of her little daughter of eighteen months, in answer to the question, 'how such suffering could be permitted by a God said to be all-good and all-powerful.'" This intimate document is a beautiful, if unconscious, revelation of the finest qualities of the writer's personal character, his delicacy, his human affection, his family love, his intellectual humility, his submissiveness to God's will.

The three papers in the second section concern "the teaching of Jesus and Christianity in general." One treats of the "apocalyptic element in the teaching of Jesus"—of which a word later; the second, comprising two articles, is a penetrating, sympathetic and discriminating exposition and criticism of the ideas concerning the Christian religion propounded by Ernst Troeltsch, for whom Baron von Hügel has the greatest admiration, though he is by no means blind to his large deficiencies; and the third is a most persuasive apology for the reason-

Some Recent Books

ableness of the Catholic dogmas of Heaven and Hell, with, incidentally, Purgatory and Limbo.

The third section has four papers "concerning the Church and Catholicism generally," wherein we are introduced to such important matters as the Visibility and Unity of the Church, the convictions common to Catholicism and Protestantism and the fundamental differences between them, the deficiencies inherent in the individualistic and the sectarian theories of religion, and the Apostolic character and the human and psychological necessity of an institutional religion, a Church, living and growing in and through historical causes and contingencies, ruled and administered, helped and often hindered, by necessarily imperfect and average men. Finally, there is a thoughtful and suggestive address, given to Oxford undergraduates, on the meaning of the Supernatural, its absolute fullness in Christ, and its perfect flowering in the lives of saintly men.

But the reader must be prepared to find that the fare here spread before him, like most rich dishes, is not easy of assimilation. Baron von Hügel is not content to scratch the surface of things; he gets down into them; he has slowly and with stress thought them out for himself, and he means his readers to do a little thinking also. Unfortunately he has added to their burden by an involved style. Many a sentence we have to read twice or thrice, not always by reason of depth of thought or subtlety of meaning, but simply because of the tanglement of phrasing. That most important quality, accuracy of expression, is here attained only by a constant arresting of thought and speech by the introduction of restriction, qualification or condition. It is noteworthy that the easiest and most natural English occurs in the passages translated by Baron von Hügel directly from the German of Professor Troeltsch. We also demur to the writer's habit of coining words, in most cases by affixing "*ness*" to some part of a verb. *Isness* and *oughtness* are bad enough; *givenness* might perhaps be passed, but what can justify such a horror as *happenednesses*?

Philosophy of Religion

In view of what has been said of the power and value of these papers as Catholic Apologetic, one further criticism seems necessary. Wherever the argument is of a philosophical, psychological or experiential character, it is admirable. The delicacy and insight are remarkable, the familiarity with the whole range of modern philosophies is extraordinary, and still more wonderful perhaps, at any rate most welcome, is the evidence that at heart and in fundamentals the Baron remains a scholastic. But when he touches upon more purely theological, and especially scriptural, matters, his limitations appear, and his treatment of them is less satisfactory. It looks as if he has trusted too much to the destructive German Radicals, and given too little attention to the work of those scholars, English, and more particularly French, who have successfully exposed the emptiness of many of the German study-made hypotheses. This is very noticeable in the essay on "Progress in Religion," which, when submitted to the judgment of a competent scriptural scholar, evoked this verdict: "The Jewish religion is viewed from the position of the 'higher criticism.' The decisions of the Biblical Commission are not considered, and the contrary teaching is asserted as though finally established. Thus, according to the writer, the Graf-Wellhausen hypothesis explains the origin of the Pentateuch; the 'deutero-Isaiah' belongs to the time of the Exile; the Psalter is not Davidic, except for 'perhaps a few' psalms." *Mutatis mutandis*, a similar adverse judgment must be passed on the opinions expressed as to the immanence of the Parousia in Christ's teaching and Apostolic belief, as to strata of varying historical worth in the Gospels, and as to the length of Christ's public ministry, which is limited to "probably not a full year." In spite, however, of these serious blemishes, and some others, this volume is a noteworthy contribution to Catholic Apologetic and remains a remarkable testimony to the human-divine persuasive power of the Catholic faith and Church.

B. V. M.

Some Recent Books

ANONYMOUS Gentlemen with Dusters, who write sketches of prominent clerics from a biased point of view, and refer to their results as *Painted Windows* (Mills and Boon), must expect an occasional stone to be thrown. The specimens are collected from all Churches; and the Catholic exhibit is Father Ronald Knox. At the outset we have one of those "show me a penny" legends, in which Ronald Knox was said to toss up for Agnosticism or Rome. The penny apparently did not fall with the head of Cæsar uppermost. However, the writer gives him credit for going over to Rome with "the sweat of struggle" upon him rather than with "a smile of cynicism." But he heard him in Westminster Cathedral when "he spoke continually of an offended God," and also adduced the Petrine doctrine concerning the Keys, which was more shocking still; for here was the man, whose wit made the joke about "the credibility of Judges or the edibility of Jonah," reduced to a theology "which is being rejected by the students of Barcelona and questioned even by the peasants of Ireland. What does it mean?" It means that the writer mistakes Catalan politics for Spanish thought, and that if he has ever discussed the Papal claim with Irish peasants he has totally misstated them. Father Knox's conversion is hit off, because of this sermon, thus: "At the Cross-roads there was for him no Good Shepherd, only the dark shadow of an offended God. He ran for safety, for certainty." But if the modern devotion of the Church has a symbol, an image, a delight, it is the open-armed Shepherd of the Sacred Heart. That is the channel of half the prayer in Latin Christendom; and the emblem has penetrated even into the rigorously mediæval Orders who might be expected rather to cherish the not unnecessary thought of an offended God to stimulate their lives of reparation. But the Gentleman with the Duster has his views: Father Knox will be swept away by the movement of Science, "and then . . . what then?" Well, the Church will discover to her dismay that she has "caught either a Sydney Smith or a Tartar."

Painted Windows

Or, as Mr. Strachey's zoology would have put it, a grasshopper or a hedgehog.

But the Gentleman has his heroes—Dean Inge, and the present General Booth, whom he seems to know more intimately. The Dean stands for the "unbroken uniformity of natural law" as against Bergson's teaching "that anything may happen." Democracy and Socialism, like Ritualism and Rome, incur his gall, though he would prefer a Black tyranny to a Red. Reunion with Rome recalls to him "the cruel jest of Mezentius who bound the living bodies of his enemies to corpses." Whether the Roman authorities would enjoy being bound to the "frozen whimsicality" of the Dean is almost more doubtful. One is reminded of the epitaph on the lady who had gone to the arms of Abraham,

"It's all very well for Mary Anne,
But it's hard on Abraham."

However, the basis of the Dean's teaching is simple: "absolute truth, absolute goodness, absolute beauty." Happy Dean! and happy disciples who will find it difficult to say whether he is "a Christian or a Neoplatonist."

To most readers the two most sympathetic outside characters may be Miss Royden and Archbishop Davidson. The former could have found herself at home under St. Catherine of Siena; and the latter, "eminently sane and judicial, cold towards excessive fervour, but not cold at all towards excessive faith," an umpire rather than a captain, a judge rather than an advocate, could under different circumstances, one fancies, have filled a post at the head of one of the Roman Congregations. Of Bishop Hensley Henson we are told that "he has intellectualized the Sermon on the Mount, dissected the Prodigal Son as a study in psychology, and taken the heart out of the Fourth Gospel," Bishop Temple's "successes have all been failures"; but he is still a dark horse. He may, we imagine, make a Brest-Litovsk peace with Nonconformity, or he may head a Uniate movement to Rome.

Some Recent Books

We doubt if he thinks of himself as "future Archbishop of Canterbury." If it is an interesting little book of personalities, it leaves one a little less interested in Protestantism than before.

S. L.

A COURSE of twelve lectures, *Moral Principles and Medical Practice* (Benzigers), by Father Coppens-Spalding, S.J., covers a very wide field and is written so that it can be of considerable service even to non-professional readers. At a time when materialistic views are largely influencing the public mind it is of great assistance to have various disputed questions treated scientifically from a Christian standpoint. The chapters on the nature of insanity and the legal aspect of insanity will be particularly helpful to the clergy in dealing with various questions of conscience. The lecture on hypnotism and spiritualism is particularly clear, which is more than can be said for many pronouncements on the subject; while the vexed question of sex-hygiene and eugenics is dealt with very fully.

W. F. B.

p
of
-
-
d
-
o
-
e
e
y
e
e
is
d
n
e
lt